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Notices of Communications intended to be read to the Association, accompanied by a statement whether or not the author will be present at the Meeting, may be addressed to John Phillips, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S., Assistant General Secretary, University Museum, Oxford; or to R. D. Darbishire, Esq., B.A., F.G.S., Alfred Neild, Esq., Arthur Ransome, Esq., M.A., and Professor Roscoe, B.A., Local Secretaries, Manchester.

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Outline of the Performances.

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Amount of accumulated fund	1,898,895	14 11

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For the 7 years ending	1842	the surplus was	£32,074	11 5
,, 5 years ,,	1847	,, ,,	86,122	8 3
,, 5 years ,,	1852	,, ,,	232,061	18 4
,, 5 years ,,	1857	,, ,,	345,034	3 11

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1861.

REVIEWS.

ENGLAND IN THE REIGN OF HENRY VI.*

Sir Bulwer Lytton, in *The Last of the Barons*, has drawn a highly-coloured, but, on the whole, scarcely overcharged or exaggerated contrast between the martial energies of Edward IV. and the milder virtues of Henry VI. Capgrave—of whom Mr. Hingeston, among other shortcomings, fails to give us any information, even that which the volume which he has undertaken to edit contains—in his work upon the "Illustrious Henries," made a far different estimate of his patron. He lavishes high praise, compares him to Constantine the Great, and, with various somewhat irreverent travesties, points out several parallels between the life of the Lancastrian monarch and occurrences in Holy Writ. The true cause of liking was that Henry paid a flattering visit to the Augustine friars of Lynn, and was peculiarly polite to the clergy in general. After a grand flourish of trumpets and professions of high consideration and passive obedience, Mr. Capgrave's heart failed him; his biography became a torso, and he directed his scribe somewhat abruptly "to make no space but write forthwith," and turn to another subject. There is only one passage which deserves especial notice, but it is remarkable for its truth, occurring as it does in the midst of laudatory addresses and monkish encomiums on celibacy:—

"It is the opinion of many that had we the mastery of the sea it would be productive of much good, safe commerce to our merchants, security to fisheries, peace to the realm, and great honour to the King. Our enemies laugh and say, 'Take away the ship from your precious silver money and put a sheep in its stead,' for we, who were the conquerors, are now the conquered of all people. It was an ancient saying that the sea is England's bulwarks; if our enemies can scale the wall, what may they not do to those behind it who look not for them? Yet there has been so much neglect in the matter this many years past that our navy is small, our seamen few, and unskilled, because unexercised. Heaven remove this shame, and waken a spirit of bravery in the land! reveal the false and deceptive friendships of other nations, lest they come suddenly upon us when we fear not."

A more pitiable state of the English navy is perhaps not on record than that in which it existed, if such condition can be called existence, in the year 1441. Lament is idle, that a contemporary historian should have afforded us this mere passing glimpse at the national life in a reign of which we know really so little. But we gladly welcome additional light at the hands of an editor so experienced as the Rev. J. Stevenson, who has favoured us with a volume which goes far to lay before us a true history of that interesting epoch in our annals. It contains "Letters and Papers illustrative of the Wars of the English in France during the Reign of Henry VI." It contains documents relating to a period which extends from 1423 to 1449, gleaned mainly from the French archives, and will be followed by a second volume of a similar character.

The state of France was critical; the Dukes of Bedford and Burgundy, at the Treaty of Amiens, had cemented an alliance offensive and defensive, and secured the Duke of Bretagne to their side. The English occupied Paris, and held the entire seaboard from Nantes to the coast near Tournay; Languedoc, Dauphiny, and Lyons alone remained to Charles, "the King of Bourges," as he was pitilessly called; he had no navy to prevent the introduction of supplies across the Channel, and no regular army, but merely ill-disciplined and disorganized troops, to resist the march of the English southward of the Loire. Assisted, however, by levies from Lombardy, Spain, and Scotland, he rashly invaded Burgundy, and received a signal defeat at Cravant, and in little more than a year after lost four thousand of his best troops at Verneuil, which was a second Agincourt. France would have been lost had not Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, misnamed "the Good," on behalf of his wife, Jacqueline of Holland, invaded Brabant, quarrelled with the Duke of Burgundy, and distracted the attention of the Regent; and again, by his dispute with the Cardinal Bishop of Winchester, compelled the Duke of Bedford to return to England in order to prevent a civil war. The incapacity of the English generals, the enthusiasm kindled by Joan of Arc, and her barbarous death, followed by the Treaty of Arras and the death of Bedford, restored, in fact, independence and her nationality to France.

The Duke of Bedford's regency was a signal blessing to France. Robbery on the highways was a trade. Ruffians and marauders, even of noble birth, plundered and slew travellers. No quarter was ever given in battle, and the ferocity had brutalized men's minds. Children were kidnapped, and, if not ransomed, put to a horrid death. Prisoners died of hunger, gnawing their own flesh in prison; the country was a desert, and only a few plots of vineyard, pasture, or arable land were maintained, close to the walls of a town or castle, with a watchman ever ready to warn the peasant of approaching danger; indeed so common a sound was it that, at the note of his horn, the very sheep and oxen turned homeward. To the mitigation of these miseries Bedford devoted his eminently practical mind; he re-established the currency, called in base money, and promoted trade and commerce. He fixed the time of labour, by an order regulating the hours, which were to extend from six a.m. to six p.m. during one portion, and for the remainder of the year from sunrise to sunset; thus establishing, after the necessary deduction for meals, about ten hours of actual work. Workmen of good character were allowed to be employed. A syndicate to inspect the markets daily; and a police surveillance calculated to neutralize the spread of immorality; a reformation of the gaols, and amelioration of prison discipline; and a check set upon the bribery and intimidation practised in the courts of law, were among the many salutary changes introduced and enforced by this far-sighted and able governor.

Incidentally, in a note, we are enabled to form a tolerable idea of the nature of the English artillery at this period, which, singular to say, was placed under the control of two neighbouring vicars, J. Westland of Enfield, and W. Hattecliff of Cheshunt, executors of the late J. Parker of the latter village, late Master of the Ordnance, both living in the immediate vicinity of the present works at Waltham and Enfield Highway. The cannon consisted of hand cannons, which threw leaden pellets, "fowlers" a foot in length, which carried gun stones of two pounds weight, and three larger pieces, of which it is said one could throw stones "altitudinis xviij pollicum."

The expenses of foreign embassies are also mentioned. A Windsor herald was paid £10 a year; an episcopal envoy received £3. 6s. 8d. a day; but an earl, or knight, was dispatched in the same capacity with a salary varying from that sum down to £1 per diem. Sir John Stourton was allowed 13s. 4d. a day for the maintenance of the Duke of Orleans, then a prisoner of war.

In 1428, Thomas, Earl of Salisbury, in his French campaign, commanded 600 men-at-arms, receiving each man 1s. a day; 6 knights bannerets, with the daily pay of 4s.; 34 bachelors, each taking 2s. per diem; and 1208 archers, allowed 6d. a day. His own daily "wages" were 6s. 8d.; while the Master of Ordnance was empowered to spend 1000 marks "upon cannons, balls of stone, carts, carriages, pincers of iron, ropes, and other articles necessary for the said ordnance," which were placed under the care of four artillerymen, who received 20d. per day. The Royal Engineers were represented by "10 miners," whose wages were 9d. a day. Bowyers, craftsmen, carpenters, masons, and fletchers, were borne on the strength of the archers. In 1442 and in 1448, the King pledged his jewels, of which a very curious inventory is given, to pay his troops: they consisted of cups, salvers, dishes, pots, tablets, coffers, censers, croches, swords, and chandeliers of gold and silver, many being superbly jewelled. For the defence of Caen, the military stores included bows, arrows, gunpowder, saltpetre, brimstone, iron, steel, pitch, tar, caltraps, strenges, and osmunde [kinds of iron]. The latter words, as usual, Mr. Stevenson omits to explain. The Duke of Talbot, whose arrears of pay amounted to £4651. 10s. 6d., was glad to compound for about half that sum in ready payment in 1443; but he was to receive an additional sum of £5551 on a salt-gavel, to reimburse him for his losses when taken prisoner. In 1457, the French King complained that he had to guard with a standing force the entire coast, for 450 leagues, between Spain and Picardy; that Brittany and Poitou were in a state of chronic alarm, "for the enemy could make a descent any day;" while "six hours of a favourable wind sufficed to pass from England into Normandy," and the people of Guienne "were at heart entirely inclined to the English party," "as the district had been English for the space of three hundred years."

We have already alluded to the miserably disturbed state of France, and we can give no better instance in point than the pardon granted in 1422 to Enguerran de Monstrelet, captain of the castle of Freneuil, after his highway robbery of certain merchants of Abbeville, on the bridge of Wendin. He, with a following of his own servants, rifled them of nearly five hundred golden crowns, and having cut their girths and bridles, rode off to divide the booty. A similar pardon was granted to another marauder and thief of less degree, Jehan de Bonval, a tailor at Noyant, near Soissons, who attached himself to a band of robbers led by John Count de Guise, easing travellers of their girdles and lifting cattle, when for safety hayricks were made under church-roofs; and the few inhabitants who had not fled into the towns or found refuge in foreign lands, herded "in woods, rocks, quarries, or caverns," and a Viscount carrying the king's revenue from Pont L'Evêque to Rouen, rode with an escort of six mounted archers, "in consequence of thieves and robbers who watch the roads."

The collection of letters is one of great

* *Wars of the English in France, temp. Henry VI.* Edited by Rev. J. Stevenson. 1861.
De Illustribus Henricis. Edited by Rev. F. C. Hingeston. 1858. (Longmans.)

interest. Richard, Duke of York, writes to Charles VII. respecting a marriage between the Princess Magdalene of France with Edward, his eldest son, afterwards King Edward IV.; Queen Margaret indites pacific letters, expressing her desire for goodwill between France and England; Louis XI., then Dauphin, peevishly expresses his personal animosity to the Duke of Suffolk; James II. of Scotland consults the French King on his own marriage, and begs him to recommend some lady to be his wife; Garter King-at-arms suspects French treason; the Spanish ambassadors request the royal permission to see the relics in the Sainte-Chapelle, as his Majesty kept the key. In 1450 the King of Scotland,—his correspondence, like that of Alphonso, King of Arragon, being invariably conducted in Latin (which Mr. Stevenson disdains to translate),—congratulates Charles VII. on his successes against the English, for which the Chapter of Chartres are desired to compose a special service, and recommends a combined attack upon "their hereditary enemy," as the domestic disturbances occasioned by the claims of the Duke of York to the English throne present an advantageous opportunity for united agression.

The account of the expenses of the journey of Queen Margaret from Ponteyse to Southampton gives a lively picture of the period. Fifty-six ships were engaged, at a cost of £1230; the retinue comprised five barons and baronesses, each at 4s. 6d. a day; a comptroller and thirteen knights, each at 2s. 6d.; fifty-one esquires, at 1s. 6d. or 1s. 11d. the day; ninety-three valets at 6d., and twenty sumpter-men at 4d. the day; all being paid during ninety-one days. Divers were the occasions of expenditure,—offerings at mass, alms in the shape of clothes, boots, shoes, linen, and money, and wages to messengers and to seamen, master mariners, pursers, pages (? cabin-boys) of ships furnished from the Cinque Ports with two exceptions, and those vessels of Newcastle and Colchester, the 'Cocke Johne' having the honour of carrying her Majesty, and the 'Mary of Hampton' being the floating larder. Then there are payments for an alteration of articles of plate, the arms of Cardinal Luxemburgh, their late owner, being economically beaten out; keep of horses, fees to seven trumpeters—foreigners—who sounded merrily on the passage between Portsmouth and Southampton, and lastly, the expense of a lion, which was given to the Queen at Titchfield, and cost £65 for its removal to the Tower of London in a carriage.

Leaving the drier details of the Treaty of Amiens to those who like to pore over political articles, we must follow the French ambassadors on their tedious journey from Dover to London, attended by three hundred and fifty horsemen. At the distance of a league and a half from the capital they were met by several English noblemen, followed by knights and esquires, "all dressed most richly in cloth of gold and silk and goldsmiths' work; and their horses had trappings of silver-gilt and of goldsmiths' work, and some of cloth of gold;" and these were joined soon after by four bishops "magnificently dressed as ecclesiastics." At the entrance of London Bridge "was the mayor upon foot, with a man carrying a gilt sword before him, with the other officers and governors of the said city, all dressed in one livery of scarlet, furred with marten or grey, ranged on either side, and there might by fully sixty or more; and aloft upon the two sides of the streets, as far as their lodgings, were the burgesses and merchants, by hundreds and by fifties, clothed in dresses exactly like the one to the other, amounting to about one thousand; and behind them, in one of the streets and at the windows of the houses, were dames, damsels, burgesses, and of the common people 50,000 persons or more." On the morrow they came into the great Hall of Westminster [Houastemastier!], where the King was seated on a chair of blue tapestry, diapered with pods, and his motto, "Jamais," of gold; and a back piece of tapestry, representing some ladies who present to a lord the arms of France; and he was dressed in a long rich robe of red cloth of gold, furred with marten sable. "He removed his hat thrice, and rose from his chair to salute the said ambassadors, who were clothed in figured crimson velvet, their robes being long." They lodged, we are informed, in the houses of Seigneur Vandam, the Lords Salisbury and Suffolk (which were in the Strand), in "the Jacobins' Convent," and "at the Lion, in the suburb on the road to Westminster." They visited "the Cordeliers and the Abbey of Westminster [Westmaistre], to see the tombs and ornaments, which there are very rich." The Jacobin Convent, Mr. Stevenson should have informed us, was that of the Black Friars, and the Cordeliers the Franciscan Friars in Newgate Street, which possessed one of the noblest churches in the metropolis.

A considerable portion of the preface is occupied by wholly irrelevant matter concerning Joan of Arc and other persons and matters, upon many of which we should join issue with Mr. Stevenson. We must express an earnest hope that he will furnish his promised supplementary volume with a complete glossary and explanatory notes, for such adjuncts are indispensable to the value and utility of the work, which bids fair to supply an important instalment towards a better understanding of at least a portion of a long reign, much of which is now involved in obscurity. We have a reasonable expectation that he will do so, for he is continually working in mediæval literature with a patience and perseverance which nothing but the delight he experiences in such occupations could have sustained.

EGYPTIAN SEPULCHRES AND SYRIAN SHRINES.*

More lady travellers. They are young ones this time, evidently; and not ill-favoured, if one may form a conjecture from the *naïve* confessions of the writer of this work, who is plainly very much tickled at the many offers made to purchase herself and her sister on the part of enamoured Sheikhs. She does not inform us what colour her eyes are, but had they been black she might, according to one of her confidential anecdotes, have fetched 11,000 piastres; and according to another, her skill with the rifle so charmed a ruffianly old Sheikh, with four wives already (of one of whom, however, he was heartily sick and tired, and promised faithfully to get rid), that his 'bid' at last reached the enormous amount of ten camels. For we have this time a true Amazon: she not only endures the fatigues of travel, but she is a good shot with a rifle, and practises with a revolving-pistol at a mark. *Hæc tamen ipsa, vir nollet fieri*, we imagine; otherwise we should think she would dress in virile fashion. It would certainly be more convenient when she had to be pulled, heels first, through an aperture, as was the case at Abou Simbil, where, "it is needless to remark, *jupons d'acier* are not in fashion." We were rather alarmed at first by the title of this book, as we are not partial to anything sepulchral, and were afraid that we had fallen among travellers suffering from a disorder similar to that of the Gadarene who had his dwelling in the tombs. But it was not long before we were relieved: we soon found that the title was simply *ad captandum*, and that we should have quite as much to do with the living as with the dead. We were grievously misled by the Preface: after explaining that circumstances had rendered change of scene and climate imperatively necessary for her sister and herself, and that they had made up their minds to try the effect of Egypt, the author goes on to say that her book will be found perfectly unlearned, and nothing but a simple unvarnished tale of her travels, "written only for those who, compelled to stay at home, would fain now and again draw their chairs to the cheerful coal-fire, shut out the grey sky and dripping rain of England, and follow in fancy the footsteps of those who have enjoyed the realities of travel." It is somewhat singular that a book published in the dog-days should be intended for persons round "the cheerful coal-fire," it being contrary to our experience that people, even in England, should huddle round the blazing hearth in the middle of July. However, we shall not dwell upon so insignificant a point; but when we found ourselves, as early as page 27, in the regions of religious controversy, with the Pharisee and the Publican doing duty as usual under such circumstances, and the man without a wedding-garment pressed into service, we began to feel we had been hardly dealt with, and that our author had not kept faith with us. This impression strengthened, the more we read: if there is no learning in the chapter on Thebes, there is, at any rate, a palpable imitation of it, and we must say that the author's journals having been "re-written in a foreign land, without books or help of any kind," her memory must be prodigious, unless we are to understand that she had the books from which her notes are taken when her journal was first composed, but not when it was re-written, in which case we fail to see that the absence of the books in any way affected her work. For our own part, we should have been better pleased had there been very much less than there is of matter culled from other books; we could have cheerfully dispensed with poetical quotations (and even with some original pieces), with selections from the Old and New Testaments (as well as with occasional pious rhapsodies), and with sentences from the *Te Deum* and the Litany. By these means two volumes of rather tedious reading might have been curtailed and improved into very interesting matter. The adjective we have just used, by the way, reminds us of a passage which will, as well as or better than any other, illustrate the happy knack our traveller possesses of introducing a little piece of Scripture into a description of the most commonplace occurrences:—"We sat down," she writes, "under the shade of the rocks, and one of our boatmen walked knee-deep into the lake (of Tiberias) with a little net; in a few minutes he had a dozen fish, each about the size of a mackerel; the other man collected two or three sticks and built up a little pile over a morsel of charcoal, on which he placed the fish; the sticks were lit with his cigarette, and in five minutes he brought them to us nicely broiled: most excellent they were, and it was *interesting* to us to have them thus cooked, remembering the 'fire of coals' (charcoal) and 'the fish laid thereon,' and the *blessed* invitation of the risen Lord to His Apostles, 'Come and dine.'" The blending of dinner

* *Egyptian Sepulchres and Syrian Shrines.* By Emily A. Beaufort. Two Vols. Pp. ix., 411, 484. 25s. (Longmans.)

and devotion is singular; the pious remembrance is spoken of as though it gave a sort of relish to the fish, (we do not, however, remember anything about a cigarette in the Scriptural account,) and the sentiments evoked are apparently much the same as would be elicited by picnicing under Charles's Oak, and are expressed in much the same language. It was so very *interesting* to dine where the Saviour had dined. The recollection created no feeling of awe, caused no sensation in the throat which made eating an impossibility; on the contrary, it was rather appetizing than otherwise.

The actual adventures of our traveller are very well worth reading, and they are set forth with a truly feminine minuteness. Nor does she often omit an opportunity of telling the reader what everybody—particularly the women—"had on." She is very careful also in the matter of vermin, and if she does not call a spade a spade, she makes no scruple of calling a bug a bug. Indeed, we should say that the fleas and bugs of the East made as lively an impression upon her as anything. Next to the vermin, Americans seem to have excited her greatest antipathy; she seldom passes by a chance of denouncing them, male and female. Nor has she very much to say in favour of the conduct abroad of her own countrymen, as the following extracts will show:—

"One of whom, before long, got into a squabble with an unfortunate monk, who had remonstrated against the overbearing insolence with which the Englishmen, according to the custom of John Bull, had endeavoured to take the best place from one of the French Caravan, and who so far forgot himself and the place he was in as to strike the Franciscan. The French Consul had much ado to soothe, scold, and appease the wounded feelings of the poor monk into forgiveness and forgetfulness of the insult—while we blushed for shame at the unseemly conduct of a countryman, and tried to persuade the monk that he must be an American—but alas! such occurrences are but too common among those who would be the first to revenge any disturbance or irreverence shown by a foreigner in our churches at home, but who have the stupid folly of thinking they assert the dignity of their own religion by deliberately insulting those with whom they do not agree. Whatever they may believe or disbelieve themselves, it is simply disgusting to see an Englishman walking about the Church of the Holy Sepulchre with his hat on, or to hear loud voices profaning the sanctity of the place, and one grieves to think, however wanting they may be in sentiments of piety or religion, that they should not have learned either good taste or good feeling enough to keep away from places sanctified to others, unless they can refrain from such conduct as is not only unchristian and ungentlemanly, but indecent. I once saw an American, when the Chapel of Calvary was full of devout pilgrims, deliberately lay Murray's Handbook open upon the altar, and, standing on the upper step, place both elbows beside his book, and in that position proceed to read aloud Mr. Porter's remarks upon the time-honoured spot! I saw the colour flush deep into the cheek of a Franciscan monk beside me, and a Greek turn away with a bitter scowl, and I could not help wishing to ask that man, however little reverence or devotion he might have in himself, if he had ever heard of that charity which 'doth not behave itself unseemly,' or of that 'knowledge' which is 'puffed up' while 'charity edifieth,' or if he thought he was practising the golden rule of doing to others as we should wish them to do to us.

"Having said thus much, I feel in duty bound to relate an anecdote of an Englishman: he was standing in the midst of a crowd of Greek pilgrims, all kneeling at some sacred service, *with his hat on*,—many of them were giving visible signs of discontent and anger at the insult, and to be the object of wrath to such a crowd might not improbably lead to some very disagreeable consequences,—a friend of ours went quietly up to him and remarked that the pilgrims were beginning to notice it; the Englishman abruptly advised him to mind his own affairs, upon which our friend coolly lifted the hat from his head, and said gently, 'You have forgotten, Sir, that you are in a Church;' in an instant the natural answer of a 'true Briton' was prepared in a doubled fist; but better thoughts came in another moment—the direction of the uplifted arm was changed—with the candour of a gentleman, he held out his hand to our friend, and said, 'You are right—thank you for reminding me of it.'"

Whilst our traveller was residing in the Lebanon, an outbreak occurred between the Maronites and Druses, which was probably the origin of the late war; and that part of her work which is connected with this subject, written as it is by the pen of an eye-witness, deserves attention. In point of general character she, we are not at all surprised to find, pronounces the Druses to be far superior to the Maronites; but the Maronite women are more comely, and their costume is more becoming. There is an account given of a Druse wedding, a singular proceeding, which is likely to be very welcome to the curious. It is impossible to follow Miss Beaufort and her sister in all their wanderings, to tell of all their joys, and relate all their misfortunes. The burning of their boat, the consequent loss of all their possessions, the hospitality of some and the churlishness of others to the burnt-out ladies; and the robbery (as it most probably was) to which they were victims in Greece, are they not written in two handsome volumes? And to these we must refer all who wish to learn the particulars.

Miss Beaufort's party had the unusual good fortune to be allowed a stay at Palmyra, or Tadmor, of no less than five days; she may, therefore, be fairly supposed to have more to say than travellers in general upon the city of Zenobia, and she cannot be accused of any lack of enthusiasm. From Tadmor to Damascus; and from Damascus, through the places hallowed by Scriptural reminiscences, to the Holy City, in which Miss Beaufort and her sister, as "descendants of the great and noble warrior king, the flower of all chivalry, who refused to wear the crown he had justly earned in the city where his Saviour had worn a crown of thorns," have a sort of family interest. In Jerusalem, they stay from Christmas to Easter, and obtain from Signor Pierotti, architect to the Pasha of Jerusalem, much topographical information, which our author does not hide under a bushel, but prints freely for general service. From Jerusalem they journey past the two Bethhorons, Mount Carmel, the Kishon, and many other notable spots, to Tripoli, which is recommended to artists for "street-bits," to the plains of Suedieh and the dwellings of the Ansaireeh (about whom, whosoever wishes to be instructed, would do well to read a book by the late Mr. Lyde, upon the 'Asian Mystery'), to Antioch and Iskanderoon, and so farewell with many pious and affectionate ejaculations to "dear and beautiful Syria." Now for Greece, which classic land gives plentiful opportunity for a gush of sentiment; then the Bosphorus and Constantinople; after that, the enchanting loveliness of Broussa, with descriptions of dancing dervishes and howling dervishes; and so by Varna, the Danube, Belgrade, Pesth, Gran and Presburg, to Vienna.

A lady's impressions of the manners, habits, customs, and morals of those of her own sex and station in foreign countries, are always worth having, and therefore we do not apologize for giving Miss Beaufort's account of Turkish women, premising only, that to us she appears to have had but scanty opportunity of forming a judgment, as she was not, so far as we gather, on terms of intimacy with any Turkish family. She writes:—

"The gayest sight we saw was the Sweet Waters of Asia, to which Lady Bulwer kindly took us, on the great day of the year—the Friday after Kourban Bairam. This is the summer Hyde Park of Constantinople—the Sweet Waters of Europe being only in fashion during the winter season: there is no beauty in the spot, save that of a few fine trees beneath whose shade the women sit the whole day. The place was excessively crowded, and one could not have a better opportunity of studying Turkish women; they did not seem to be enormously unlike the pictures drawn of them by those of our modern poets, who describe them as fair and modest pearls, sitting like snowdrops enclosed in one of Ward's patent sealed cases, the damp dews on the inside of the glass answering to the *jalousies* through which the almond-shaped eyes gleam in half-veiled light. Here the gay flaunting flowers of the Bosphorine hareems were sitting in a closely-packed mass upon the green sward, under the shade of the oak and the elm, the colours jumbled into each other, like the pattern of a brilliant Parisian carpet, thrown up upon a groundwork of their white veils, almost dazzling in its confused brightness, while the harsh, bird-like, ceaseless chatter of the ladies' tongues was almost *relieved* by the occasional cry of a spoiled child, or the squeak of a swaddled baby. Each group of two or three women had their own mattress, *goolleh* (clay jar) of water, and an embroidered handkerchief, containing their comestibles for the day,—chiefly raw cucumbers, of which they eat from morning till night,—and most of them were smoking nargilehs. The richer ladies were driving round and round the small meadow, seated in gilded and painted *telegas*, something like our royal state coach, only two or three of which had curtains drawn to conceal the inmates. Some of the Sultan's family were there, each lady with a couple of slaves on the back seat of the carriage, dressed as gaily, if not as richly, as herself; many of the slaves are petted up almost as much as their mistresses, and their slavedom is sometimes the extreme of luxury. Since the last few years, the yashmak has ceased to be a 'snare,' and has become only a 'delusion,'—once it concealed the features of its wearer, now it only sets off and enhances their beauty—

> "'Like the indistinct, golden, and vaporous fleece
> Which surrounded and hid the celestials in Greece,
> From the glances of men:'

the single fold of gossamer gauze across the mouth and chin acting far less jealously on the fair faces of the Constantinople ladies than the 'voilettes,' or the shady riding hats of the ladies of our own country. There were some beauties among them, and some of those more remarkable for intelligence than the others, reminded me of sweet gentle faces at home: but these were few, for, in general, they looked sadly inane. And yet we were assured on the best authority that they do not now by any means lead the entirely vacant lives we are accustomed to believe they do; there is scarcely a hareem belonging to a tolerably rich person, where the ladies do not read French and play on the pianoforte, besides occupying themselves with many kinds of embroidery, and some even sing and draw: one Pasha's wife was mentioned to us who had lately played the whole of the 'Trovatore' by heart to our informant. But these accomplishments are all learned from French governesses and *femmes de chambre*, with whom they are liberally supplied; and with these accomplishments they learn also the morals, or rather immorals, of their teachers, who are invariably of a very disreputable class. 'Progress' has indeed begun even in the Turkish hareems, but it is the progress of vice only; formerly, if they had not intelligence enough to be useful and good, they were at least in happy ignorance of many of the vices to which they are now addicted. Perhaps the sight of European women does them more harm than good; for when they see us going and coming and rejoicing in our own liberty, they fancy that we must use that liberty for only the same objects as they would: they can conceive no other kind of restraint upon ourselves than that of brick walls and strong locks, and they long for the free-

dom which would enable them to obtain the paradise of passing the whole day in endless coquetry, flirting, and admiration."

And now, without forgetting to mention that the two volumes are embellished by a few very good chromo-lithographs, we take leave of "the harem belonging to nobody"—the only conception which the Eastern mind could form of the party consisting of Miss Beaufort and her sister and their maid.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A. WELBY PUGIN.*

How pleasant it is to meet with a book which a reviewer can cordially recommend, feeling sure that the author will not call him "dribbler" or "spit-fire," being conscious that he wishes, without personal bias, to judge it according to its own merits, and is not gratified because he wields and uses power only to inflict pain and injury. Such is our satisfaction in noticing the simple, amusing, and truthful narrative of the life of Augustus Welby Pugin, by Mr. Benjamin Ferrey, his friend, and who, like him, is eminent as an architect.

The history of a studious man is usually short; if the man of letters lives apart from the world, we can see little of incident in his existence, and unless we have looked upon the man, like the world in general, cannot understand his life of feeling. Pugin naturally was a quiet man, born to live in a library, and reproduce the past. He displayed immense industry, ardour, and perseverance; he never lost sight of his object; his tastes and abilities were eminently antiquarian. He turned his whole mind to one favourite study—Architecture, and its accessories under one phase. To amass materials for elucidating the obscurities which then involved the revival of an appreciation for Gothic art, became the single aim of his arduous toil. He impressed the study with an enduring force, when he thus determinedly set himself to be the pioneer of a new era; he would fain have had a mediæval England, a mediæval history, and mediæval tastes and purposes. Unhappily, religious zeal, an exaggerated estimate of mediæval times, and an excessive love for the material trophies of ancient piety and the memorials of the "ages of chivalry and faith," carried him away like an impetuous tide. Eager, excitable, impressionable, and impulsive, no sooner had he passed over to another communion, than he seems ever after to have striven religiously, and seemingly in vain, to reconcile himself to a lot which proved wholly unlike his anticipation. He became plunged into controversy and polemical warfare. At all times he exhibited a strange combination of devotion and frankness, of gloom and light-heartedness, the spirit of the monk and the activity of the business man. He was never afraid to stand alone; he was no gentle timorous student; he could fearlessly oppose whatever he conceived to be error. Too honest to follow a party, too independent to court those in power; his high principle and his uncompromising love of truth, manifested alike in laborious researches and in personal conduct, are honourable traits in the story of a life, in which no part seemed a portion of a systematic and solemn resolution, except his dogged, unfluctuating pursuit of archæological knowledge.

"He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder."

As an architect, his claims to high consideration have been allowed, and we can only express our regret that he was cut off in the dawn of higher eminence, by the most terrible of human calamities, when his powers had just been matured.

The very handsome and agreeable volume before us, which will equally interest the professional and general reader, opens with some biographical notices of the elder Pugin, who was descended from a noble family, one of whom received the distinction of an addition of a "martlet sable" to his arms, by the senators of Fribourg, in recognition of his services in raising a company of soldiers, and defeating a troop of cavalry at Morat. Pugin himself witnessed many of the fearful scenes in the French Revolution, and, it is said, fell fighting for the King, and was thrown, with some hundred bodies, into a pit near the Place de la Bastille, whence he managed to escape by swimming across the Seine, flying to Rouen, and embarking from that place for England. By means of an advertisement, he obtained employment in the office of Mr. Nash, the architect of the Pavilion at Brighton and of Buckingham Palace, and the fellow-pupil of Leach, afterwards Master of the Rolls. Pugin in due time married Miss Welby, then known as the Belle of Islington, to whom an enthusiastic admirer of Milton paid the otherwise equivocal compliment of comparing her beauty to that of the devil. He became a member of the Old Water-Colour Society, made illustrations for the egregious folly of George IV. at Brighton, and contributed drawings to Nayler's History of the Coronation of that King, to Ackermann's *Microcosm*, and Turner's *Cassiobury*. On Nash's recommendation, he published his *Specimens of Gothic Architecture*, and proceeded in 1825 to Normandy, to make sketches for a practical work on the same subject, associating with himself in the costly experiment John Britton and Le Keux, and obtaining the advice of the eminent French archæologists, MM. L'Anglois and De Caumont. Pugin not only designed the furniture for Windsor Castle, and illustrated the gables, but assisted in preparing the way for two great schemes, one of which is already carried into effect, and the other is now in a fair way of being realized,—the establishment of suburban cemeteries, and the embankment of the Thames.

Pugin was exceedingly lax in his religious duties, and his wife was a zealous sour-tempered Calvinist; and to the distaste imbibed by Augustus Welby to the long sermons and bare walls of the meeting-house, we may reasonably attribute the strong reaction in later life which eventually landed him in the Church of Rome, fascinated by her gorgeous ceremonial and external ornament. Among Pugin's pupils were Charles Mathews, Lake Price, and Joseph Nash; J. Pennethorne, Dolman, and, the chief of all, Mr. Ferrey, now his biographer. The office was 106, Great Russell Street, at present worthily occupied by Messrs. Atchley and Co., the Architectural and Engineering publishers. Augustus Welby, however, was born in Store Street, March 1, 1812; and at an early age was admitted into Christ's Hospital, Newgate Street. Even then the peculiarities of the man were noticeable in the child,—the intuitive talent for drawing, aptitude for intense application, fluency of speech, a dogmatic, vehement, rough manner, and extreme slovenliness in dress. Whilst sketching at Rochester Castle with Mr. Ferrey, in 1826, he very nearly lost his life in a romantic search for hidden treasure. In 1827, he visited the finest buildings in France; but on his return became stage-stricken, and erected a model theatre in his father's house; then affected to be a sailor in dress, actually kept a boat, and took a voyage, which resulted in shipwreck; and lastly set up a school for carvers, which ended in his being placed in a sponging-house in Chancery Lane.

On his extrication from his embarrassments, he determined henceforth to become an architect in earnest, and settled down as a married man; but in little more than a year laid his wife to rest in the aisles of the magnificent Priory Church of Christchurch, Hampshire. In 1835 he purchased a piece of land near Salisbury, on which he erected a very uncomfortable mediæval house, without passages; affectedly called by him St. Marie's Grange. In the library of the cathedral he spent many happy hours, but the scandalous mutilations effected by Wyatt in the church itself, roused his indignation; and his disgust at similar enormities, perpetrated at Hereford, Wells, Durham, Worcester, and Lichfield, unfortunately led him to believe that under Roman Catholic tenure they would have been averted, a delusion from which his own after-experience freed him only too late.

He now made a tour of several cathedrals and churches. At Wells he was "delighted, astonished, half-mad;" at Taunton he missed the graceful finish to the tower, of the lantern of Boston, and the imperial crown of Newcastle; at Bristol he found "parts equal to anything in the country," while he conscientiously declared "Tintern Abbey to be, as a building, anything but admirable," the redeeming feature being its beautiful west window. He describes Hereford well, as "an old-fashioned but not ancient-looking town, common brick houses, dull shops, and empty streets." At the cathedral, alas! "the villain Wyatt had been before him," and having admired the few portions which that spoiler had spared, and, to the horror of an admiring Canon, pronounced the transparency over the altar to be "execrable," took comfort in gazing upon the magnificent glass yet extant at Malvern, whilst he wittily commends the church restorer there, who collected, "by the help of raffles, a few pounds, when two hodfulls of mortar were got to repair the church, and the remainder of the money expended in putting in a window of the aisle the arms of the subscribers in stained glass with their names in full, a monument of their folly and arrogance." Subsequent journeys to Worcester and Lichfield and Ely caused him, as before, mingled pain and pleasure; at Worcester "the spirit of the clergy towards the building was detestable;" at Lichfield his old enemy, "the monster of architectural depravity," had shown his usual "vicious propensities," and that present glory of church restoration, Ely, "was falling into decay through gross neglect." He married Miss Louisa Burton in 1833, the year in which his mother died, having been a widower somewhat less than a year; and, shortly after, his belief that the glorious edifices which he loved so truly, were fitted only for the rites of Roman Catholic worship, led him to abandon the solemn chants and chastened pomp of Salisbury Cathedral for a new service, in which he met with bitter disappointment and no substantial peace. It was a costly and conscientious sacrifice on his part; and had he lived to see the wonderful movement in the Church of England, which has restored or is restoring her sacred buildings throughout the length and breadth of the land, and kindled a new spirit of devotion in her children, lay and clerical, no doubt the pang would have been rendered the deeper, because he had cut himself off voluntarily from any share in the work.

Pugin was by no means a conciliatory man,

* *Recollections of A. Welby Pugin.* By B. Ferrey, F.I.B.A. 21s. (Stanford.)

When Lord Stuart de Redcliffe ventured to take a different view from him, he decamped from Highcliff in high dudgeon, and returned to London; and when Lord Radnor merely said that he could be content to live in a humble cottage, the irritable architect exclaimed, "Then what is to become of me and all other artists?" In Lincolnshire a nobleman, to whom Pugin plainly intimated that his house required an entire reconstruction, interrupted him, saying, "Well, what shall I do? What shall I do?" "Do?" exclaimed Pugin, "why put down a barrel of gunpowder, and blow up what remains, and when it is demolished then I'll tell you what to do." At another time a Roman Catholic bishop requested him to make designs for a new church; it was to be "VERY large (the neighbourhood being very populous), it must be VERY handsome (a fine new church had been built close by), it must be VERY cheap (they were *very* poor, in fact had only £——); when could they expect the design?" Pugin wrote in reply: "My dear Lord, say *thirty shillings* more, and have *a tower and a spire* at once. A. W. P."

His *Contrasts, or a Parallel between the Architecture of the Fifteenth and Nineteenth Centuries*, published in 1836, took the same tone—severe, personal, unsparing, bitter, and violent. It showed all his constitutional faults and merits,—genius, clear perception, prejudice, and love of sarcasm. The invectives he launched against "the Establishment" were afterwards not tempered when he assailed the shortcomings of the Roman system, its meretricious music and furniture, its contempt of architectual purity, and its niggardliness. This work, however, effected a lasting good, and quickened improvements by the unanswerable exposures which it made.

In 1841 he sold St. Marie's Grange. He was now employed at Alton Towers, though not without entering into disputes with his patron; completed buildings in Ireland, which immediately after were completely ruined; was scandalized with the use of the Lowther Rooms as an Oratorian chapel, and the "modern trash" and "outrageous burlesque of ecclesiastical ornaments and vestments," "worthy of Bartholomew Fair," at St. Omer's. "I have latterly," he writes, "nothing but Protestant business, but that pays; and by erecting my church I turn it to Catholic purposes. There are so many Catholic architects now, that there is not a chance of any new buildings. I believe I design for all of them, for I see actually my own casts and figures used, and then they abuse me afterwards. These men can afford to sell cheap, for they buy their brooms ready-made." Just after his resignation of carrying out an extensive restoration at Maynooth College, the students of St. Edmund's, Ware, presented him with a "testimonial of their sentiments," headed by "a most detestable building in the Grecian style."

In 1841, he published his *True Principles of Gothic Architecture*, and although constantly on board his little yacht, managed to draw and etch whilst at sea. The work, which was of great service in exposing the system of "shams" and unreality in architectural design, was followed by the *Glossary of Ecclesiastical Ornament and Costume*, which has exerted a powerful influence upon polychromatic decoration. In 1851, in his *Treatise on Chancel Screens and Rood Lofts*, he opened his battery of abuse upon a large party in the Roman Church, which resulted in a furious paper-warfare with the *Rambler*. Unreasonable committees and insufficient funds placed at his disposal, greatly annoyed him; and Ruskin pitilessly exposed his shortcomings in designs from want of patient study and revision. "I believe," he said, "few men have been so unfortunate as regards architecture as myself. I have passed my life in thinking of fine things, studying fine things, designing fine things, and realizing very poor ones. I never had the chance of producing a single fine ecclesiastical building except my own church, where I am both architect and paymaster; but everything else, for want of adequate funds, from injudicious interference and control, or some other contingency, is more or less a failure."

For a short time in 1841 Pugin resided in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, but soon removed to the house, St. Augustine's Grange, adjoining the church, to which he alludes in the passage we have just quoted. Here he led a life of almost monastic regularity, with a single pupil, and without a clerk, "for," he said, "I should kill one in a week." His second wife died in 1844, and he met with a disappointment when he contemplated a third marriage; he remained, however, a widower only five years, and the bridal jewellery of Miss Knill may be remembered by visitors to the Great Exhibition of 1851, or, as he called it, the green-house. He received a gold medal from the Pope in 1841, which did not soothe his disappointment with the buildings at Rome or the conduct of Roman Catholics at home, in not adopting his principles, as the English clergy had done. On his return from Italy he laboured assiduously in designing furniture for the new Houses of Parliament, which he described as "all Grecian, Tudor details in a classic body;" and assisted Mr. Minton in an endeavour to restore the use of encaustic tiles; but in 1852 mind and body began to give symptoms of decay under a pressure of toil to which any man less Herculean must have succumbed years before; he was then trembling, hollow-eyed, and yet working tremendously at times, and the mental cloud gradually deepened. We therefore gladly draw the veil over the sad ending of his life, with the simple mention of the fact that on September 21, 1852, he was laid to rest in his own beautiful church at Ramsgate.

We have left ourselves no space to comment upon Mr. S. Purcell's grandiloquent but highly suggestive appendix on Pugin, from a Roman Catholic point of view; it fully establishes the melancholy truth that he found no rest in that church. We are therefore happy to think, with Mr. Ferrey, that from English Churchmen the idea of a memorial emanated, and that it will take the form of a fund for the support of a travelling student, to whom the additional award of a medal will form a special commemoration of the late Architect.

IN THE TRACK OF THE GARIBALDIANS.*

Mr. Algernon Sidney Bicknell has the taste for adventure which is shared by many of his fellow-countrymen, and the enthusiasm which induced him to travel over ground so frequently trod before has stimulated many men to roam, but fortunately not to write. His book is welcome at a moment when there is a terrible dearth in the world of publication, and sagacious bibliopoles are waiting for the repeal of the paper duty to come into full force. But suppose, when paper is cheap, every gentleman who has a restless taste for locomotion, and an awkward knack of scribbling, should tempt some enterprising Sosius to bring him before the public in print—Heaven! what a prospect! It may be all very well for sceptical people to be facetious at the expense of the Deluge, because it is over, and not likely even in these wet seasons to recur; but a deluge of ink—that would be very serious—or a deluge of ditch-water on the brain! We don't quarrel with Mr. Algernon Sidney Bicknell for writing his book, which, except in exciting an apprehension that it may be made a precedent, has not inflicted any heavy suffering upon us. The subject is interesting—the ground over which he travels classical and historical, full of past associations and present interest; moreover, he has here and there a page of comparatively lively description, and he steers a steady medium course between the well-known perils of "going in for the flippant business," by clumsily imitating *Eothen*, and the still more terrible alternative of being hyper-classical, romantic, rhapsodical, eloquent, and ponderous. He diarizes pleasantly—not with too great minuteness for his own edification and amusement, but at too great length for publication. In description, he enters far too much into detail; and by doing so, perpetually becomes wearisome. The volume might have been reduced by one-third with advantage. Most of us know that we must "rough it" in travelling—that we may meet with strange beds and stranger bedfellows—and that "mosquitoes are rather troublesome."

Mr. Bicknell left England in September, 1860, to visit Garibaldi's camp, as he informs us in the first page of a prefatory chapter, in a dialogue so unpromising that it nearly induced us to lay down the book once and for ever. We, however, proceeded from a sense of duty, and should have regretted such impetuosity had our fastidiousness superinduced that rash and summary proceeding. For, although we cannot say in candour and seriousness that we should consider our author as a model writer of travels, yet we have often read worse books, and there are many scenes described in it which will be interesting to the general reader, who can enjoy himself without any of those conscientious feelings that haunt the reviewer and remind him that he is bound to be just, critical, and therefore, sometimes, condemnatory. But, to follow the writer, we must go to Marseilles *viâ* Paris, and thence to Civita Vecchia, and on to Naples. Among the passengers on board the 'Vatican' were two very romantic persons, husband and wife, whose history is so tragic that Mr. Bicknell has spoiled the plot of a good romance by briefly sketching it here. Benedetto and Marella were the hero and heroine of a startling melodrama. They had done what is usually called a "deed of righteous vengeance." They had been compelled to seek asylum in England during the Bourbon misrule, but were then on their way to Palermo to "claim the property the State had confiscated, and *to celebrate the marriage Marella*," with an enviable constitutional coolness worthy of Zenobia, "*had obstinately refused to consummate till her native town was free*" (p. 16). The lady, unlike the majority of her sex, had more patriotism than passion, and atoned for her want of conjugal warmth by the ardour of her *amor patriæ*.

At Naples the author was much struck with a Garibaldian dressed in a highly grotesque and ludicrous manner. He seems to have produced a very striking impression on Mr. Bicknell, who devotes two whole pages to a funny description of him, and afterwards returns to him again. He at first mistook him for Robinson Crusoe, till he remembered "that celebrated personage had died long ago from the

* *In the Track of the Garibaldians, through Italy and Sicily.* By Algernon Sidney Bicknell. 10s. 6d. (London: Manwaring.)

effects of writing the second part of his own adventures" (p. 19). "But his resemblance to the hero of Defoe was especially due to the armoury he carried about him. Two large pistols, *a revolver*, a dagger, and *a long Catanian knife*, slung by a ring fixed in the handle, graced an ornamental belt." Is not this rather a clumsy and thoughtless anachronism, to put a *revolver* into the hands of our old friend Crusoe?

We are next taken to the camp at Cajarro, and we have a graphic description of the appearance of the various parts of Garibaldi's army, and a mention of the Countess de la Torre, who followed the fortunes of the force as an Italian Miss Nightingale, "dressed somewhat in the style of a *vivandière*, and armed in a becomingly feminine way." We are sorry to hear so bad an account of the "English Excursionists," and should like to know if they have anything to say in their defence. There is a brisk onslaught upon them in page 62, and they are said to have behaved disgracefully on the march to Calvi. They violated all discipline, scattered themselves in all directions, plundering, and enacting hideous atrocities. The English legion was, in the author's opinion, a constant trouble and obstruction to Garibaldi the whole time it was in Italy. "Two-thirds of it was composed *of the greatest blackguards* our island affords. Garibaldi is reported to have said upon disbanding them, "I love the English, they have been brothers to me all my life; but, thank God! I have done with the English volunteers'" (p. 64).

Padre Gavazzi, the well-known Exeter Hall platform orator, is mentioned with a sufficient amount of cool contempt, which such fanaticism moves in the well-regulated mind of the philosophical traveller; and the enthusiasts of the British Bible Society come in for a fair share of ridicule, for struggling to root out Roman Catholicism, by exposing heaps of Martini's Bibles for sale on small wooden stalls along the Toledo. The author's description of Garibaldi, often as the Liberator has been described, will interest our readers, and is a fair sample of the style of the more serious portions of the book:—

"By dint of dexterously slipping through every crack presenting itself in the throng, I found myself, in the course of time, face to face with Garibaldi; and since I have not said anything of his personal appearance before, I will describe him as he looked to-day. In costume he was precisely like the picture forming the frontispiece to this volume, with the addition of a black felt wide-awake, round which a band of silk of the same hue, an inch broad, was fastened by a black buckle. The loose cloak, and trousers to match, I heard were presents from a friend, because he was too poor or too careless to buy clothes when he required them, but the colour, a light French grey, he chose. The coat had a curious triangular piece of cloth buttoned on in front, admitting of removal. Loosely knotted over the shoulders, a dirty old red handkerchief, with a yellow pattern on it, hung down like a lady's capote. This appendage Garibaldi adopted in Brazil, where they call it a 'poncho,' and finding it comfortable, he has continued it ever since; when it rains, or the sun is too powerful, it is pulled over his head. By his side he wore a steel sword, of the pattern specially manufatured for his army, and sold all over Naples at four piastres each. His arms, in red shirt-sleeves, and bare hands with a ring on one of the fingers, were very conspicuous, from a way he has of keeping them constantly in motion. In height I should guess him to be not more than five feet six inches, or five feet seven inches at the outside; indeed, when he rose to retire, and passed me, I thought he was one of the shortest men I had ever seen; in reality he is a trifle taller than at first glance he would be taken for, owing to his immensely broad shoulders and chest diminishing his stature by comparison. As a whole, his figure gives you the idea of such colossal strength, that you think a blow from his fist would be death. One glance at his face, sunburnt but not scarred, would force even his most mortal enemy to admit it is singularly handsome; there is a nobility of general outline combined with a marvellous sweetness of expression, that captivates you at once. The nose is longer than ordinary, and the forehead a massive expanse, if I may so speak, denoting great intellectual powers, the small grey eyes, set rather deep, brilliantly lighting up as he smiles in speaking. The beard, once of a reddish colour, is now partially grey, and not of the preposterous length his portraits sometimes represent it to be; finally, long thin hair, nearly black and apparently uncombed, dangled from his head as low as the level of the bottom of his chin."

Mr. Bicknell is clearly "a good hater" of superstition. He does not yield to Mr. Buckle in this respect. His great fairness, however, in discussing some superstitious matters does him the greatest credit. His account of the supposed miracle of the liquefaction of St. Januarius's blood is very long, very painstaking, and, although it enters into the smallest details and minutiæ, is extremely interesting. The conclusion at which he arrives, after much elaborate description and some sagacious reflection, is, *of course*, "that it is *no* miracle;" but that "the clergy do not *knowingly practise a deception*." He is of opinion that the clotted or congealed blood gradually liquefies from the heat of the place, caused by the densely-packed multitude of spectators, and the heat of the priest's hand:—

"If a register were kept," he says, "of the time the blood required to liquefy on each occasion, and of the readings of the thermometer during the interval, I should expect to find the former shorter just in proportion as the latter was higher; and consequently, to an unusual coldness of the weather I attribute some persons having had to wait hours for the miracle. The precise degree at which the mixture is soluble I can, of course, only guess: it cannot be a very low one, or in summer it would be always fluid; neither can it be a very high one, or in winter it would always be hard. Probably the melting point is about 90° Fahrenheit." (p. 213.)

We must confess that we cannot accept this solution; and although we admire the impartiality of the author, we have less faith in the priests. There is a note appended to this description, in which Mr. Clark, one of the "Vacation Tourists," is assailed for attributing the miracle "to a little manual dexterity," and for asserting that Mr. Monckton Milnes is in the secret, and has "*performed the miracle.*"

In the second part of the book the scene is laid in Sicily. We have a lively account of the nunneries, the triumphal arches, and the conversation *cafés* at Palermo. The interior of the island is also sketched, not omitting its *diligences*, bandits, pigs, and mud. At Syracuse our author derives a rather quaint kind of inspiration from seeing the famous fountain of Arethusa, and indulges in the following light and airy vein:—

"The Elysian fields are now a dusty plain, where stunted poplars usurp the room of amaranths, and a redolency of savoury beggars, instead of floral fragrance, floats on the western winds. What are the Islands of the Blest?—barren volcanic peaks, rising in trade winds and Sahara blasts, to hide their heads in mist; no spirits of the virtuous can wander there in bliss. On the Cyrenian slopes no golden apples are watched by the daughters of Hesperis; one glance at that desert shore, and your vision of years has fled. Will Syracuse be nearer to our image? There was a nereid of Elis once, and, as she bathed in an Arcadian stream, the river-god lost his heart, and rose to say he loved her. The nymph implored Diana's aid, and the goddess, changing her to a fountain, opened the earth for her to flow away. Fast through the ground she gushed, pursued by her immortal lover, and, as she burst forth in pellucid torrents from the Syracusan city, he changed into a river likewise, and mingled his streams with hers. This was the far-famed fountain of Arethusa, and that little soap-sud puddle is it. My shirts were washed in it this morning, and I am sorry they were, for there is a dead cat bobbing up and down around the spring, and I think they smell of it."

We have no space for further extract; nor can we follow Mr. Bicknell to Catania, Ætna, or Messina. We are compelled to close the volume. Our reader will have seen that there is interesting matter in it, and that it is not without merit. So many bad books of travel are written nowadays, that the author of this work need not fear comparison with any, except the few very good books. He might with advantage have abbreviated it. His style might have been more careful; his quotations less hackneyed; some of his jokes more sharply pointed. But he is an observant, cultivated gentleman, and his book is vivacious and entertaining.

PAUL FOSTER'S DAUGHTER.*

We have great pleasure in announcing to the reading public the appearance of a new novelist, whose first performance is not without some promise that his future ones will establish themselves in the highest regions of fiction. If it should hereafter turn out that Mr. Cook's imagination is equal to his powers of description, and to his innate sympathies with everything that is tender and graceful, he will not be left behind by many in the race for fame. At present, however, we can pronounce no decisive judgment, because, in *Paul Foster's Daughter*, Mr. Cook appears to be reproducing the results of his personal experience; and although this circumstance imparts a wonderfully life-like character to the greater part of the book, it precludes us from forming any trustworthy opinion upon the author's power of invention. The sphere of "Bohemianism," to which Mr. Cook almost entirely confines himself, is, after all, a narrow one; and we shall watch with interest for the moment when he steps into a wider province, and applies the knowledge of human nature which he has acquired in his own circle, to the world in general. That will be the critical moment of his career, and will determine whether he is only an elegant and ingenious storyteller, or, as we prefer to believe, a novelist of a high order.

There are, no doubt, writers in whom intensity of power of a particular kind compensates for the limited range of their observation and comparative sameness of their characters. Such writers are George Eliot and Mr. Thackeray. Mr. Cook, however, belongs rather, we should say, to the Charles Dickens school of literature, in which variety, liveliness, and power of working on the affections, are the predominant features. In the two last of these qualities *Paul Foster's Daughter* is abundant; and if Mr. Cook shall eventually show himself possessed of the first, he will leave little to be required. Paul Foster himself is a jolly old painter, somewhat of the Haydon stamp, who paints, talks, and even drinks his tea, in the "'Ercles vein." His pictures, however, don't sell, and his life is just the same series of shifts as Haydon's actually was. His tradesmen are his enemies, and the pawnbroker his best friend. He never loses heart, however, and he and his daughter lead a queer, retired, easy, merry kind of existence, in which enthusiasm for art

* *Paul Foster's Daughter.* By Dutton Cook. Three Vols. 31s. 6d. (Hurst and Blackett.)

fortified by moderate gin-and-water sustains the one, and intense love for her widowed father and a dawning passion for a male cousin, satisfy the other.

This cousin is a Mr. Edwin Erle, the younger son of a rich solicitor, and destined, much against his will, to become a solicitor himself. His sympathies all lie with art, literature, and the stage; and having accidentally made the acquaintance of Newton Dax, a true Bohemian *littérateur*, these dangerous propensities receive a new and irresistible impulse. He tries the desk for a time, but breaks away from it at last, and is a journalist and painter by turns. All this time he is quite unconscious of Sylvia's affection, and throws away his own upon a popular and pretty actress, who, while she is yet virtuous, resolves to marry him if he asks her. Luckily, however, for Edwin, he does not get an opportunity of doing so till his passion has somewhat cooled down, and though she very nearly succeeds in reviving it so far as to produce the desired proposal, the interview between them is interrupted before it can be made, and Miss Vane retires to her home convinced that she had better give it up. Eventually she marries the cornet-à-piston at the Nonpareil Theatre, and whether she *did* go out of town beforehand with the Earl of Wycherley or not we shall now never know. Edwin suddenly awakening to the character of Sylvia's feelings towards him, at once reciprocates them, and a happy marriage is the issue.

Such is the main thread of the story. The requisite complications are produced by means of Edwin Erle's father and brother, who are a pair of excellent villains, though their doings perhaps verge a little on the extravagant. It is sufficient to say that the latter, Jeffrey, who had succeeded in defrauding Edwin of such property as the father intended for him, and who did not succeed in supplanting him in the affections of Sylvia, comes properly to grief in the end, and satisfies poetic justice. While we are on the subject of incident, we may say once for all, that these passages are the least satisfactory in Mr. Cook's volumes: Jeffrey's whole conduct being deficient in that element of truthfulness which so strongly pervades every act of Paul Foster, Sylvia, and Miss Vane.

Of the characters in *Paul Foster's Daughter* Paul himself and Sylvia are excellent. So is Miss Aurelia Vane, and also a Mr. Septimus Rook, who plays a kind of Foker to Edwin Erle's Pendennis, believes devoutly in his genius, and helps him with the most chivalrous friendship. We don't know that Edwin himself is quite so much to our taste, nor his friend Mr. Newton Dax, whose chamber-life is surely a little overdrawn, and whose laundress, we must tell Mr. Cook, seems an utterly impossible kind of woman. But all is compensated for by Sylvia herself, who is one of the most charming creations with which fiction has for a long time presented us. Her simplicity, freshness, and thoroughly ladylike aspect, in the midst of the poverty, the pipes, the liquor, and the laxity of her father's household, form a most piquant and attractive combination. Here she is sitting to her father for Sappho. "Poll," we should add, is "Paul," the speaker is Edwin, in the earlier stage of their history:—

"'Don't move, Syl—don't move! Look there, isn't that splendid, Poll? See, there's a yellow ray of the sunset reflected from the window on the other side of the street falls on Syl's arm, and then just catches the outer circle of her head—isn't it beautiful? I wish I could paint it!—beautiful!'

"'Yes, my dear, it's very pretty,' said uncle Poll, evidently not caring much about it; 'but one can't regard accidents of that sort in painting; one must stick to broad, general, well-known effects.' Edwin looked disagreement, but went on—

"'And how exquisite that warm, bright light is, reflected from her chin to her shoulder, and back again. I don't see it in your picture.'

"'Too trivial, my dear boy, too trivial. You must put away those sort of details in painting.'

"'Syl, you come beautifully like that; throw your head back a little.'

"'I'm not a model, sir;' and Miss Sylvia pouts a little, but she complies.

"'I should so like to paint you like that! What a splendid mantle of hair!'

"'Yes, it's red, Mr. Edwin; a nice colour, isn't it?' The young lady spoke with some irony.

"'Well, suppose it *is* red—it's shot with orange and gold and green, and has the most lovely wave in it. Any one who can't appreciate its beauty must be blind, or an idiot, or both.'

"'Thank you, Edwin,' and she bows to him, and looks smilingly with her witching hazel eyes.

"'Do you like the picture, Ned?' interrupts Poll, 'Sappho on the Leucadian Rock, gazing out at the Galley,' &c. &c. Here imagine a gesticulative explanation of the picture—something like what has been given before, only more elaborate, for the artist is speaking to another artist. Sappho quits the room to assume the dress of everyday life."

And here she is in that dress:—

"Soon Sylvia comes back, the red-gold tresses neatly banded—not very smoothly, though, for it is in the nature of the hair to be curly and ripply, and to assume a certain liberty and independence, certainly not without charm—(for my part, I hate those smooth shiny heads that suggest at once the brush and comb, the Circassian-cream pot and much labour)—and the classical draperies of Sappho abandoned in favour of a modern dress of dark-fawn merino, fitting closely to her neat, lithe, supple figure: (a whisper, reader! She was an artist's daughter, and she did not wear stays; so her waist and shoulders were in their right places, and her natural woman's grace of movement was not fettered by busks, and buckram, and cording; and she had as perfect a form as could be seen anywhere, and a good deal better than the models in the corset-shop windows). A smart blue ribbon round her neck set off her very fair complexion—you could hardly find anything more dazzlingly, sunnily white and beautiful than Sylvia's neck—and a neat little open-work lace collar folded prettily over the ribbon: altogether, a charming little housewife, a nice fireside ornament, was little Mistress Sylvia Foster. She came in to announce that tea was quite ready, and would they come into the next room?"

Here is a companion-picture of Miss Vane:

"Miss Vane, to my thinking, looked better in her quiet costume of everyday life, than even in the becoming apparel of the 'idiot boy.' True, the long locks were tightly banded up, and the supple lithe limbs were shrouded in ample sleeves and skirts, and the colour was gone from her face, and she wore a slightly fatigued expression. But she was really a very pretty woman; and her dark grey eyes, made still darker by the deep shadow of her long black eyelashes, wore a certain air of languor, that was decidedly prepossessing; and if exception might be taken to the proportions of her mouth, the pearliness of her very regular teeth was beyond all praise. Even Mr. Rook, who was in a position to be critical, and whose judgment was inclined to bias, from his expressed preference for another and a different order of beauty, mentally admitted that Miss Vane looked very well indeed, while he murmured inwardly, in his own phrase, that she was a 'screamer,' whatever that might be, though it is presumable, that it was an epithet of compliment. She was very pale, it must be confessed, and perhaps the pale brunette is not a pleasing kind of complexion. I know that a painter will tell you that he has to use all sorts of strange hues—dun browns, and dark reds, and ugly greens—in his rendering of the tones and shadows of this complexion; and, therefore, according to all rule, it ought not to be so winning as the blonde, where his palette is covered with ultramarines, and delicate pinks, and exquisite pearly greys. Still, notwithstanding these drawbacks and difficulties, Miss Vane, in her morning silk, pale, quiet, smaller and more delicate-looking than she seemed at the Nonpareil, presented a very engaging appearance."

The whole scene from which this extract is taken is excellent. Mr. Rook makes the acquaintance of the actress over the garden-wall which separates the back premises of his own lodgings from those of the lady's. She asks him to dinner, and he goes. The meal consists of roast veal and bacon, with pancakes to follow. There is plenty of stout at dinner, which Miss Vane consumes freely, patting her lips after every draught with a beautiful lace pocket-handkerchief. After dinner there is "sherry wine" and biscuits for the ladies, and gin-and-water and Brazil nuts for the gentlemen. In the evening an elderly light comedian drops in, who is described as follows:—

"He has, oh! such a worn, lined, haggard old face, with such a hard fixed smile upon it; and the favourite arching of the eyebrows and closing of the eyelids, to re-open them suddenly with a flash!—it has been his pet trick, oh! ever so long—and such an extremely youthful flaxen wig—a 'diamond man,' according to Miss Cobb's view of complexion, with a pleasant burst of curls brought over either ear, a graceful sweep across the forehead, and oh! such a deliciously young and accurate parting of his back hair. He is very lean indeed, but, with the aid of the tailor and judicious padding here and there, his figure is still intensely juvenile; he is youthful in dress even to his shirt collars. Such a delightful short blue coat, with peg-top sleeves, and pearl-grey trousers of like form, a white cambric handkerchief bursting out like a blossoming camellia on his swelling chest, lavender gloves—he declares that 'seven-and-a-half' is his size, 'ladies' gloves'—and he withdraws them carefully, to show his small, old, thin, white hands—there is just a *soupçon* of a tremble about them—and his elegant serpent ring, the big torquoise and diamond ring, on *his engaged finger*—he is so very young; and his hat is glossy as a racehorse, and his boots shine like mirrors! He enters the room with such a young-man swagger, almost a school-boy swagger, and pulls down his wristbands over his white knuckles, and pats his side curls, and eases his shirt-collar with the juvenile, *dégagé* neck-tie, and brings his blue ring well to the front. He never loses his footlight manner—always smart and airy, giddy, fluttery, gay—intensely young and exceeding old!"

All these sketches show evident practical experience, made the most of by shrewd observation and keen artistic perception. In fact, in these little bits of painting Mr. Cook is unsurpassed by any writer of the day, and they do, no doubt, constitute the chief charm of his novel.

The story, however, in itself is very interesting, especially in the third volume, where our sympathy with Sylvia takes the shape of almost painful excitement. The first half, however, is a little "spun out," and the latter half, consequently, a little hurried over. But this is an error of construction which Mr. Cook will doubtless avoid in his next performance, and is one that should always be regarded with indulgence in considering the work of a beginner.

POETRY.

Anne Boleyn. A Tragedy. (Kent and Co.) These "five acts set forth, in succession, Anne Boleyn's courtship, marriage, reign, and accusation, ending with her trial and execution. Instead of a plot there is the course of events developing itself from the character and position of the various personages introduced. The necessity for a plot in a drama as a spring of surprise in unexpected

catastrophes (*sic*) has been too much insisted on, if we consider that this feeling (what feeling?) can only be felt once. The absence of the pleasure which arises from the unfolding of complicated events, may be in some degree atoned for by the introduction of persons filling high stations in society." Let not the reader imagine that we are guilty of the above; it is an extract from our author's preface, a spoonful of apology from a hotch-potch of imbecility. "Warts, warts, warts," said Sir Hugh Evans, who might, at the time of speaking, have been trying to find common sense and metre in *Anne Boleyn*. Goodman Dull introduces his "tragedy," the "amusement of a vacation," with divers expressions of temper. He swears that Anne was an angel, and that Henry VIII. was a brute. He is very wroth with Mr. Froude, but thinks Shakespere was not so bad. He plunges into an abyss of theoretical invective. It is a pity that he did not employ his vacation in studying English grammar; in that case he might have done himself some good, and spared the critics much misery. We have waded through these five puddles with much difficulty, and the mud still sticks to us as we write. Here is a sample:—

"WYATT (*sings*).

Mary is a Mary-gold,
Mary-gold, Mary-gold,
Mary is a Mary-gold,
And gold will ever be.

Mary is an evergreen,
Evergreen, evergreen,
Mary is an evergreen,
And ever-green will be.

ANNE BOLEYN.

You are a skilful carver to cut sounds,
Taking a word that seems agreeable
And complimentary, as 'evergreen;'
And then, for shame! to stammer 'ever-green.'
But you do show your greenness in your green."

The above is part of a vulgar conversation which takes place between Anne Boleyn and the poet Wyatt. The latter commits himself in puns which are unworthy of the vilest Strand burlesques; and the former, the angel, answers in a strain of coquettish idiocy. It is bad enough to rob a queen of her common sense, and a poet of his laurels. But, bad as is the above, it is funny, which cannot be said of the gibberish spoken by the jealous Lady Rochford:

"Give me but grace, and I will grub this root.
And does she not insult me, good as she,
Lifting her eyebrows when she offers gifts,
Her pride being fed by my humility?
I'll take no gifts of her: I'll give.
Being debtor, I'll pay back with usury.
Does she not steal my husband from my side,
Till—were it not this ring—unwedlocked I?
Rather I'd spend a long, a twelve-houred night
Within the bowels of a churchyard yew,
Plucked at by fiends, stared out of sense by ghosts,
Than wretched live, the wretch that I have lived.—
A pretty pair! No peace comes back to me,
But with revenge for their indignity.
Tread but a worm, 'twill writhe beneath its pain;
But, like a snake, I turn and sting again.
I care not what may happen, if I taste
But sweet revenge; so to the king 'll haste.
[*Striking her side.*
Hush, hush, my rapping breast! Stay, stay!
Now I am primed again. Away, away! [*Seizes a cup.*
Take but this cooling drop: you're hot as hell.
Be bold as Lucifer before he fell."

We lay down this play with a confused notion of what it may be about, and with our former ideas of certain persons considerably altered. Did King Henry swear at the maids of honour? Was Wolsey in the habit of talking thickly, as if freshened with London stout? Were the Lord Mayor's public speeches like the spouting of a stage-struck costermonger? Truly this very blank verse has upset our critical equilibrium. Any attempt to criticize *Anne Boleyn* would be vain: we might as easily write a chapter of history after paying a "tasting visit" to the London docks. Enough to say that we have read the tragedy, and that the most tragic results have followed. If the author means anything, he means mischief. With a painful facetiousness, he dedicates his book to his wife. He has spent his vacation in a most suspicious manner. Better that he had spared us his blank verse and taken Mrs. Anonymous to Brighton. One little piece of advice let him lay to heart: if he would preserve his authority in the household, by all means let him keep his tragedy out of the way of his children.

SHORT NOTICES.

The Broken Troth. A Tale of Village Life in Tuscany. From the Italian. By Philip Ireton. 2 vols. 12s. (Macmillan and Co.) This novel is a free translation from an Italian original, which was handed to Mr. Ireton, with words of strong commendation, by a young Italian poet. It is really what it professes to be—a true picture of Tuscan peasant life; while its interest is not too localized to attract English readers. The plot is remarkably simple, turning as it does on the misadventures of a flighty young peasant girl, who jilts the man she really loves, is inveigled into a marriage with a dissolute gambler, and ultimately becoming a widow, marries her first lover. But the surroundings are so picturesque, and some portions of the character-drawing are so vivid, that we confess to a sympathy with the fortunes of the hero and heroine. Giannina is the only daughter of a well-to-do country farmer, who spoils her in childhood, and succeeds in making her obstinate in youth. She has one devoted admirer, who is far below her in social status, being no less a person than Stefanino, a poor village shoemaker; but by imperceptible degrees she learns to look upon him with growing complacence. Things come to such a pass at last, that Giannina offers to run away with her lover; but Stefanino, being strictly honourable, refuses to marry her without the consent of her parents. They then meet in secret, and go through a form of betrothal, by which they vow to marry none but one another. Time passes on. The girl pays a visit to a neighbouring town, where she meets with a companion, Adelaide, a girl who does not bear the best character. They become close friends. Giannina is introduced by her new friend to a dissipated, penniless gamester, named Lodovico, who is very handsome, and whom she represents as a young man of fortune and family. Lodovico, knowing the father of Giannina to be rich, hopes, by marrying his daughter, to recruit a shattered fortune. He makes love to the girl. She is dazzled, while Adelaide carefully fosters the delusion. The struggle between the old love and the new ambition is described with power. Moreover, Giannina is vain, fond of admiration; and her vanity leads her into indiscretions, innocent enough in themselves, but calculated to imperil her position. Finally, she is persuaded to elope with Lodovico, who bears her to an obscure auberge in the neighbouring town. At his instigation she has left behind her, in her father's house, a letter, which convinces the old people that she has been dishonoured. But this letter, the object of which was to gain her father's consent to her marriage with Lodovico, produces quite a contrary effect. The father, convinced of his child's guilt, shuts his door against her, and disowns her. The newly married couple are brought to the brink of starvation; for the bridegroom is without a penny, and his father-in-law is inexorable. Suddenly, Lodovico disappears, leaving his wife alone in the auberge. After waiting some days, she concludes that he has deserted her, and is advised by the good-hearted innkeeper to return home and see her father personally. In the meantime, Stefanino has heard of the marriage, and is overwhelmed with anguish; but, being apprised of her miserable state, he determines to pay her a visit. A jovial wine-bibbing shoemaker, one Cecco, a cousin of Stefanino, has accompanied his relation to the auberge, and has been waiting for him without during the interview. But Cecco has thrashed a quack doctor, and is being looked for by the police. While lounging outside the inn, he sees the gendarmes. Taking to his heels, and hiding in a neighbouring arcade, he overhears a conversation between two men, who are evidently about to commit some crime. These men turn out to be Lodovico and a villanous associate of his, named Lupetto, whose hands are already stained with the blood of Stefanino's father. In the course of a day or two, Giannina sets out for home. Arrived close to the house, she suddenly comes face to face with her indignant father; and there is an angry interview, at the end of which the poor girl faints away. She is found shortly afterwards by her mother, who has heard from her husband of the meeting, and is carried in-doors to bed. But the good dame, in her anxiety to seek her child, has left the house-door open. Lupetto creeps in, and murders her husband during her absence. Then ensues a time of terrible calamity. Cecco, however, has a suspicion that the conversation he heard in the town may have related to this murder; and, acting on his first impulses, he brings the culprits, Lupetto and Lodovico, to the light of the law. Lodovico dies in prison; and Lupetto is sent to the galleys. The story concludes with the nuptials of the ever-faithful Stefanino and the newly widowed Giannina. Out of these very slight elements, the author has woven a plot of singular interest. The reader soon habituates himself to a style which is at once idiomatic and perspicuous. The whole story casts the Minerva Press into the shade, and is superior to the sentimental novels of lady authors. Its chief merits are its localization and its truth to nature. All the characters are vigorously and easily drawn. Perhaps the best of the whole is the harum-scarum Cecco, who presents a fine photograph of the convivial Tuscan peasant. The village priest and the quack doctor are each admirable portraits. The notes on local Tuscan customs and ceremonies are not without value.

The Bank Parlour; or, Experiences in the Life of a Late Banker. By A.B. Blackie. 7s. 6d. (J. Blackwood.) Some of these "experiences" are narrated with liveliness and ability; but, on the whole, the writer's materials, varied and curious though they be, are not displayed to much advantage. The volume abounds in platitudes, and the style is feeble and ungrammatical. To those who do not care for literary excellence, and who are satisfied with a story if only it amuses and excites them without demanding any mental exertion, this volume may be commended. The tales which compose it are brief, and they are not dull. We cannot say that *The Bank Parlour* is entitled to any higher praise.

Personal Recollections of Dr. Croly. By Richard Herring. (Longman, Green, Longmans, and Roberts.) Whatever may be the nature of the reflections suggested by the contemplation of an Egyptian mummy, they are, at any rate, not calculated to be very complimentary either to the skill of the artist, or flattering to the personal appearance of the deceased. It is to be feared that posterity will have good cause for passing a similar verdict on the art of mummy manufacture, as practised in the nineteenth century. Sculpture and biography have superseded the art of the embalmer; but marble and print are at least as fatal to the personal identity of the individual in whose behalf they are employed, as the old-world appliances of aromatics and cere-cloth. No sooner does a great man pass away from amongst us, than forthwith a legion of chisel-drivers and book-makers are up in arms to caricature his memory. Mis-shapen forms frown upon us in our squares, overdrawn pictures grin at us from our bookshelves, and there is but sorry consolation in the reflection that the perpetrators of these enormities were actuated by the best and purest motives. In the case of men who have held a distinguished position in life, it may be urged with some plausibility that this description of moral caricature is the penalty which must necessarily be paid to rank and fame—the natural growth of the spirit of curiosity which the mass of mankind entertain about all who occupy a high social or intellectual position. But the evil is not confined to this class of individuals. Of late years, there has been almost as great a demand for "middle-class" biography as for "middle-class" education. Men who have occupied a comparatively humble sphere of life, who have accomplished the "mission of mediocrity" well and honourably, and conscientiously fulfilled their duties both to themselves and their fellow-men, have been suddenly and without warning dragged from their retirement, paraded on the public stage in their every-day dress, and exposed to all the evils of notoriety, without any of the compensating advantages. Generally speaking, this is the work of some officious though well-meaning friend, who too often brings into ridicule the very character it is his object to magnify and exalt. We can scarcely conceive anything more embarrassing than the position of a model old gentleman, who is hourly haunted by the painful consciousness that some lynx-eyed friend is busy pre-

paring materials for a biography. How cautiously he will stow away the key of his "Bluebeard chamber," what a jealous watch he will set upon his lips, how sly he will be of indulging in any pet foible or frailty, and with what care will he dispose the folds of his dressing-gown, so as to conceal the holes in his stockings! A life passed under the eye of the Inquisition would be liberty itself, in comparison. Rarely, indeed, does the biographer succeed in hitting the happy mean between fulsome eulogy and scant justice. It not uncommonly happens that in his assiduity to deal fully with the details of private life, he contradicts the more favourable impressions that have been formed from the public conduct of the subject of his memoir. The volume before us is a case in point. Previously to the publication of Mr. Herring's *Personal Recollections of Dr. Croly*, we were under the impression that the Doctor was a wit, a poet, and a profound thinker; but upon a diligent perusal of the numerous passages adduced by his biographer in support of his claims, we have been unwillingly forced into the conclusion that we were in error on all these points. Nothing but the most egregious personal vanity could have induced Mr. Herring to give to the world such episodes as the following:—

"I was informed afterwards, that I had not long left, before the Doctor called at my hotel, and noticed a lively damsel, the daughter of the hostess. Of her he inquired whether a gentleman of the name of Herring was staying there.

"'I really don't know, Sir,' replied the young lady, 'is it No. 21?'

"'Twenty-one,' said the Doctor, 'I should think he would be rather more than twenty-one.'

"'*Number* Twenty-one, I said,' replied the young lady; and the Doctor, prepossessed with her pleasing manners, again pretended ignorance of her meaning.

"'Number Twenty-one?' said he, 'I really never remember hearing him speak of any number. However, what sort of a young man is this Number Twenty-one? Is he rather tall?'

"'No, Sir.'

"'Is he somewhat fair?'

"'No, Sir.'

"'Is he very short?'

"'No, Sir.'

"'Is he a stout person?'

"'No, Sir.'

"'Is he about what you would consider the middle height, and with light hair?'

"'No, Sir.'

"'Well, will you favour me with your own description of him?'

"The young lady then gave a description which satisfied the Doctor that Number Twenty-one did really represent myself."

Again:—

"Now,' said the Doctor, 'you may stay, if you please, Mr. Herring, or you may go into the next room; or you may visit your friends, and return in an hour. I am going to have family prayer.'

"'Oh,' said I, 'there is no need for my leaving this room, for I have been brought up in the practice of domestic worship.'

"'I am, indeed, glad to know it,' he replied; 'for, to say the least, it is a decent practice.'

"The Doctor then took a Prayer Book, and knelt down, making a most judicious selection.

"Shortly after, I was asked, in the course of conversation, 'Well, Mr. Herring, what shall we do now? We have had prayer. Suppose we go and look at the Devil's Dyke?'

"I said I should be delighted; for although I had often heard of the 'Devil's Dyke,' I had never seen it.

"'Then we will go,' said he; 'and, putting on his cloak and hat, was ready to start at once; and we set out to find a fly."

Mr. Herring favours us with the following effusion as an illustration of the Doctor's "racy and unaffected originality:"—

"Mr. Herring's *always* out,
I long to know what he's about,
I only wish he had the *gout*,
Or was married and grown stout;
For then he would no longer roam,
But see his friends and stay at *home*."

We must confess it is either too refined, or else too severely simple, for our comprehension. We are utterly at a loss to discover Mr. Herring's motive in giving publicity to his "Personal Recollections." He possesses neither the judgment nor observation so necessary for a successful biographer, and the attempt at constructing a volume out of some forty pages of "Recollections,"—the remainder consisting entirely of extracts and correspondence,—does not speak very highly for his originality. Possibly the title-page, wherein Mr. Richard Herring figures prominently as "author of *Paper and Paper-Making, Ancient and Modern; The Practical Guide to the Varieties and Relative Values of Paper*, and *Articles on those Subjects in Dr. Ure's Dictionary of Arts and Manufactures*, &c., &c.," may supply some clue to the mystery.

A Popular Treatise on Comets, reprinted from "Popular Astronomy," by Francis Arago. Edited by Admiral Smyth and Professor Grant. (Longmans.) The interest excited by the sudden apparition of the splendid comet which has for the last month been visible in the northern heavens, has stimulated the publishers of the English version of Arago's *Popular Astronomy* to put forth a reprint of those portions of his useful manual, which treat of that still mysterious and erratic class of celestial denizens. A brief appendix sums up the slight additions to our knowledge, which have accrued from the observations of the last eight years. In that interval twenty-two new comets have been added to the list of our luminous visitors, including the most superb one of our age, first seen by Donati on the 2nd of June, 1858, and that which flashed with scarcely less brilliancy upon our astonished sight on the last evening of June in the present year. The successive returns to perihelion of the comets of D'Arrest, Brorsen, Encke, and Faye, have enabled the elements of those bodies to be re-observed, and their periodicity to be computed with an increased degree of accuracy. Professor Encke, in particular, has discovered in the course of his researches in relation to that called by his name, additional indications of the existence of a resisting medium affecting the orbital motion of the comet, and accelerating in consequence its successive returns to the perihelion. This retardation he has ascertained to amount, during nine revolutions of the comet, to 4·544 days. The observations of our present stranger, taken by Mr. Hind and others, can only be regarded as approximate, and do not appear to permit its period of revolution to be calculated as yet with the precision of that of Donati, which has the enormous range of 2101·63 years. But though rapidly receding from sight, it may possibly remain within telescopic vision sufficiently long for reliable data to be supplied upon this important point. We believe its orbit not greatly to vary from one of three centuries. Disappointing as it may be to the hopes of the growers and connoisseurs of wine, there can be no doubt that enhanced experience tends to dissipate all belief in any occult influence exercised by these luminous meteors for the benefit of the vintage. Striking as are beyond dispute the coincidences between many of their visitations and growths of exceptional quantity and quality, there is no evidence in the statistics of science of any greater virtue attaching to them, than can at the present time be assigned to the moon in relation to the weather. Either notion must, we fear, be for ever consigned to the limbo of popular but exploded superstition.

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A REGRET.

I.

I MET the maiden that I loved
One even on the lea;
And, save a peeping star or two,
All by ourselves were we;
While round about the merry moths
Were dancing in the air;
Yet softlier on my shoulder fell
The flutter of her hair:
And so we walked an hour or more—
How swift the minutes sped!—
And then we parted—well-a-day,
What might I not have said!

II.

I met the maiden that I loved
One sweet May-morn again;
And, save the happy Sabbath bells,
No whisper stirred the lane:
Yet when I looked her in the face,
So fast the blushes flew;
No bramble-blossom in the brake
Had ever such a hue.
And so we walked toward the Church—
How swift the minutes sped!
And then we parted—well-a-day,
What might I not have said!

III.

I met the maiden that I loved
Once more in after-years;
And as I passed her in the street
She scarce could speak for tears.
For by her side a stranger walked,
And she might be his bride—
But oh! she looked not as of yore,
While yet the village pride!—
Then most I thought of one still eve,
Of one sweet morn—how sped,
And how we parted—well-a-day,
What might I not have said!

A. H. H.

THE ARCHÆOLOGY OF PETERBOROUGH.

THE cities of Canterbury, Winchester, Gloucester, Lincoln, Norwich, Bristol, York, Chester, Worcester, Salisbury, Rochester, and Carlisle have been exhausted by the Archæological Societies, and we think the Institute has done wisely in breaking new ground at Peterborough, which, although besides its cathedral it presents few objects of interest, is the centre of three radiating lines of railway, the Great Northern, the Northampton, and the Eastern Counties with all its Norfolk communications; and an arm of the Midland Counties line also proceeds through Stamford and Oakham to Leicester and Nottingham. The position, therefore, of the city admitting of many easy excursions in the neighbourhood of places both of historical and antiquarian interest, amply compensates for any lack which may be felt within its own bounds, in comparison with the attractions offered by the other cities hitherto visited. We are fully convinced that there is a connection between topography and patriotism, and therefore welcome this visit to a new place, "figuring the nature of the times decayed," because calculated to strengthen local attachment, and infuse a permanent regard for adjacent objects of interest, which otherwise, from their familiarity, might be left uncared-for. Such pursuits require men of opulence and leisure to promote them, and they have always been chiefly followed in prosperous countries, and during their most flourishing periods.

Peterborough is the only city which has neither mayor nor corporation; as its neighbour, Ely, is unrepresented in Parliament. Archdeacon Paley was born here, and Queen Victoria visited it in September, 1858, her former tutor, Dr. Davys, being bishop at the time. The whole interest of the place centres in its Cathedral; for neither the parish church of St. John Baptist, which contains the Transfiguration, by Sir Kerr Porter, nor the market-house, present any very strong attraction, and they are the only other notable objects in this clean and quiet city. The Cathedral appears to great advantage from a curve upon the railway: but the best point of view is from the southern bank of the river Nene, which it is seen rising over lines of trees and pleasant meadows, which gave origin to the earliest name of the place —Medehamstede, "the home in the meadows." The fens and marshes contained some of the largest monasteries built by the Benedictines; and the three visited by the Institute were known as "Thorney, the flower of many a fair tree; Crowland, the courteous of their meat and drink; and Peterborough the proud."

The proud monks must have had a sorry time at the first foundation of the church by King Peada, of Mercia, in 655; for in 833 the Danes, under their leader Hubba, though gallantly resisted for a time, sacked the monastery, and put the whole brotherhood to the sword. A Saxon tomb to the memory of Abbot Hedda and eighty-three of these unfortunate monks, erected by Abbot Godric, 1099–1103, remains in the Lady chapel; it is coped like a shrine, and contains a series of figures upon the side. In the reign of King Edgar the minster was rebuilt, and called by the name of St. Peter, so that the neighbouring village, in 970, took its present name of Peterborough. Leofric, a martial abbot, was succeeded by a Norman, named Thorold, afterwards a French bishop, whose unscrupulous and dissolute ways impoverished them; and their misfortunes were increased by a raid of their old enemies, the Danes, under Hereward the Saxon patriot, the memory of which is preserved in Toothill and Bonn-gate, places to the east of the Cathedral. The large earthwork thrown up on the north side of the Abbey was for centuries after known as Mount Thorold. Hereward had defended himself in the woods near Peterborough, and being greatly reinforced by archers, attacked the Norman army, took its leader—our martial abbot—prisoner, and when, on his release, he renewed operations, made the fatal assault upon the minster itself. Within half a century the monastery again suffered by fire, for the sins of the house; as, according to the tradition, Abbot de Sais cursed his abbey, and one of the brethren blasphemed, and invoked the Evil Spirit in a moment of passion: again the abbots rebuilt it with greater splendour. It was so cold in winter, that Pope Innocent IV. allowed the monks to wear their caps in choir; yet the grant of a mitre to the abbots, and splendid conventual buildings for the use of the convent, so rich that it was called Gilden-burgh, must have reconciled the brethren to the place, which they only saved from destruction by a huge bribe to the King, in 1264, their chief having joined the rebel lords. A visit to the high altar was equivalent to a pilgrimage to Rome, and no one might enter the great gate except with bare feet; we must presume, therefore, that King Stephen, Henry III., his queen and son on their two visits, Edward II. and his son also on their two visits, and Queen Philippa were either spared the ceremony or admitted by the postern. The Abbey has been presided over by Adolphus, Archbishop of York; Benedict, Keeper of the Privy Seal; Kenulph, Bishop of Winchester; and Ernulphus, the munificent benefactor of Rochester; and since the Reformation, as a cathedral, has numbered among its bishops, White, Kennet, and Marsh; and among its dignitaries, Duport, Gunter, Dr. Thomas Jackson, and the late Bishop Monk.

Celtic remains, such as swords, canoes, and weapons, have been discovered in the neighbouring fens, and the Romans have left traces of their military engineering in the artificial channel of the Cardyke, and a raised causeway which may still be seen extending towards Norfolk. A dagger, presumed to be Danish, was discovered near the bridge in 1820; and a gold ring was found near Peterborough in the river Nene (it is of late Saxon origin), peculiar for having two facets, and having its ornaments engraved and inlaid with niello. In Spittle Field there are a few stones left of St. Leonard's Hospital. A cruciform abbey barn of the fourteenth century was recently destroyed for the railway.

On leaving the railway station, and following a line of very ordinary streets which lead into the market-place, the visitor sees the pinnacles and tower of the Cathedral rising over a fine Norman gateway, built by Abbot Benedict, 1177–93. It has a chapel here dedicated to St. Nicholas above it, like that over St. Ethelbert's Gate at Norwich, and St. Swithin's at Winchester. It is at present occupied as the music school. Passing under it, on the left is the chapel of St. Thomas à Becket, built 1438–1469, as the church of the guest-house, and for the use of the labourers of the monastery: it is now occupied as the choristers' schoolroom. The Close, which serves as a cemetery, is prettily laid out with flowers and shrubs. Several interesting buildings are observable. The Archdeacon's house is in part composed of a hall of the thirteenth century; the north side has a handsome door, and immediately east of this is a very large projecting chimney, and beyond are two large windows, each of two unfoliated lights, and with a plain circle above them. The wall separating the hall from the kitchen, or buttery, is pierced by two circular-headed arches. There is a good gateway tower of the fourteenth century on the south side leading to the Bishop's palace, which may be referred to about 1319. The "Knight's chamber," over the gateway, derived its name from a series of wall-paintings representing the military tenants who held knights'-fees. The two oriel windows in the palace light the "Heaven chamber." The entrance gateway of the Deanery, built by Abbot Picton in 1515, is a good example of the rich perpendicular panelled work of that period.

The striking external features of the Cathedral are its central lantern—the only other instance of such a structure in England occurring at the neighbouring cathedral of Ely—and the unique triple porch at the west end, which, with the original wooden doors, was erected 1200–1222; the western towers, as at Wells and Salisbury, project beyond the aisles, and give an additional and impressive breadth to this entire front. The south-west spire, Early Decorated, dates from 1320; that on the north-west, Perpendicular, was erected in 1470: the tower which it crowns was built as a belfry 1249–74. In 1193–1200 the western transept was added, but, unfortunately, only one tower was completed; until the close of the seventeenth century it retained its spire. In 1177–93, the nave with its painted roof of wood, resembling, in point of material and colour, that of St. Alban's Abbey, was completed, the south aisle having been finished between 1117 and 1143. In 1118 John de Sais laid the foundation of the choir, which was consecrated in 1143; the eastern chapels of the transept were added 1133–55, and after the year 1155 the remaining portion of the transept, with the central tower, two bays of the nave, and a cloister, were finished. The entire church was consecrated October 4, 1237. The upper stage of the north-west belfry-tower was added before 1274, and that of the central tower, with its wooden octagon, built 1353–61. The parvise, now the library, was built 1370, either to provide against danger owing to the settlement of the arches of the western front, or as a Galilee porch, with a Consistory Court above, to restore the proper dignity of the central arch, which had been contracted to show as much as possible of the lateral doorways from the outside. The "new building," or Lady Chapel, dating from 1438 to 1496, forms an eastern screen like the chapels at Durham and Fountains Abbey. When we consider the apsidal termination of the choir, which is found also exceptionally at Westminster, Tewksbury, and Norwich, we might almost regard it as a protest of the builders against that foreign element; although here, probably, the position of the Martyr's Cross and the stone of Hedda, occupying the eastern space behind the Cathedral, may have determined its peculiar formation. Its fan tracery roof resembles that of King's College, Cambridge. The old Lady Chapel was built, as at Ely, on the north side parallel with the choir, and near it was the cell of an anchoress, remembered as Dame Agnes.

The ancient font, of Alwalton marble, in the south-west transept; the tapestry representing the Healing at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple, and St. Peter's Deliverance from Prison, of the time of Henry VIII.; two curious wooden Early English capitals; a Perpendicular screen, and some ancient stalls of the period of Edward III., in the north transept; the wooden screens of the close of the fifteenth century, the date of the choir vaulting; and the brass eagle, c. 1472, are the more remarkable pieces of ecclesiastical furniture. The roof of the

nave is panelled in lozenges, with figures painted in their centres. The colouring of the roofs of the choir and transepts is in course of restoration. The sepulchral monuments are few; besides those already mentioned, they consist merely of an effigy of Abbot Holderness, who died 1226, on the day he took possession, and whose body was found to be headless when his grave was opened some years since; another effigy of Abbot Hotot, who died 1250; and famous R. Scarlet, the sexton, who died at the age of ninety-eight, having buried two queens, and the inhabitants twice over. A few fragments of Early English glazing remain in the windows of the apse. The colouring of the apse, combined with that of the roof and scraping of the stone-work, has tended greatly to remove the cold and cheerless aspect of the east end. Three new windows of stained glass have been lately inserted in the Cathedral, and others are about to be added. The parochial choral meeting, held at Peterborough on May 25, 1860, was attended by at least fifty choirs, when a full choral service was sung; the object being, like those of Ely and Southwell, to introduce really good music into churches, and promote general congregational singing. The extensive restorations now in progress are under the supervision of Mr. G. G. Scott, and the entire cathedral is liberally thrown open to the public.

The two Queens who were buried here were Katherine of Arragon, who died at Kimbolton Castle, and Mary, Queen of Scots, who was brought hither from Fotheringay. Katherine was buried betwixt two pillars on the north side of the choir, near the great altar. The hearse was left over the tomb covered with a rich pall, until the Parliamentary forces in 1643 tore it down, and displaced the gravestone. The spot of burial is merely pointed out by tradition, and no record of her interment is preserved except in the accounts of the churchwardens: "Item payd for ringers when my lady Katern was beryed, iis. viid.; item for drink to the ringers, xiid.;" and in the Cathedral accounts, "For bread and drink at my Lady Katern's dirge, iis. iiijd." A plain black slab with a brass plate records her death, in the north aisle. Although Queen Mary suffered on February 8, her body was not brought to burial until July 30; two bishops, heralds, and some noblemen and knights, attended by a guard of honour, conveyed the dead Queen by torchlight; and the Bishop of Lincoln, in his funeral sermon, comforted the congregation by saying, "We must hope well of her salvation, for, as Father Luther was wont to say, many an one that liveth a Papist dieth a Protestant." When James I. removed his mother to another grave in Westminster Abbey, the folks of Peterborough said that the Stuarts would never prosper, since the dead had been moved in their graves. In 1643 the Parliament soldiers destroyed the conventual buildings, and so effectually stripped the church that the superb reredos, the exquisite stained glass both in the minster and the cloisters, the brasses and sepulchral monuments have all been swept away. No cathedral suffered more fatally during the Civil Wars. There are still, however, remains of the Infirmary Chapel of St. Lawrence, built 1248–74; the Lavatory in the south walk of the cloisters, *c.* 1210; and the arches of the Early English Refectory above it. The hall of the Palace, formerly the Abbot's lodge, retains its central arcade of pillars, and various portions of the monastic buildings remain in the houses of the Canons. A lecture on the architectural history of the Cathedral will be delivered on Friday, at twelve o'clock, by Professor Willis, who will accompany visitors over it in the afternoon, but will be unable to commend the well-intentioned but unsatisfactory modern organ-screen and stalls.

Barnack, Wittering, and Castor, on Wednesday, will be visited. The stone of which Peterborough Cathedral was built was quarried at Barnack mill, near Stamford, the Caen of the eastern counties. At Barnack the Norman manor-house of the twelfth century was taken down about 1830. It had a hall on the ground-floor, which went the whole height of the house, and was divided by a row of pillars. The church of St. John Baptist is nine miles from Peterborough, and four from Stamford. The ante-Norman tower shows long and short work at the angles, square-edged perpendicular ribs of stone, and a triangular-headed doorway. A plain string-course divides it about midway of its height; in the centre of it, and of each of the south-west and north, is a large stone built upright in the wall, with its surface rudely carved to resemble an upright staff, budding into foliage, on which sits a bird; on the south side is a trace of an original circular sundial, above, a rude carving of two birds, and under, a small window pierced with an endless convoluted pattern, which has a decidedly Danish appearance; indeed, the whole tower is now suspected to have been built by these maligned Northmen. The tower arch is semicircular, and very peculiar, and is stopped with Early English work. The South and Norman arcade on the north side is of the beginning of the thirteenth century; the fine north gabled porch is Early English, *c.* 1250. The octagonal upper stage of the tower, surmounted by a low broach spire, is also of the latter period. The east window, which has lights with crocketed pinnacles, with some good glass, the piscina, and sedilia are Decorated; a chapel of St. Mary on the south, and a chantry on the north, are Perpendicular. The former contains a hagioscope, and a niche containing an alto-relievo of the Conception. Besides matrices of brasses, there are canopied tombs in the south aisle and Lady Chapel, and two recumbent effigies brought from Pilsgate in the north chantry. The first is early English. Mr. Canon Argles, the rector, has discovered a sedile and benches in the tower. A niche in the west wall, formed by a triangular heading of beam-shaped stones, was found to be the canopy of a stone sedile, probably a seat of great honour in Saxon times, when the fine tower arch opened into the church and formed probably a chapter-house for the ecclesiastics connected with the building, or possibly the tribunal of the secular power.

St. Cyneburga's Church, Castor, a fine cruciform building, four miles from Peterborough, and one from the station, bears an inscription recording its dedication in 1124. The tower is good rich Norman work; the nave roof is of wood, with corbels representing angels. The spire was struck by lightning, January 4, 1795. The church is said to occupy the site of a monastery founded in the middle of the seventh century, and destroyed by the Danes in 1010. Castor was a Roman station, perhaps the Durobrivæ of Antoninus, meaning "the passage of the river," and tessellated pavements, urns, coins, from Trajan to Valens, and fragments of walls of the period have been found here. A cohort of cavalry appears to have been in garrison here, commanding the entrance of the Ermin way, which at some distance from the villages, throws off two roads, one leading to Stamford, and the other passing into Lincolnshire. A bridge of thirteen arches crosses the Nene. Wittering has a mixed church.

Oakham Castle and Church, and the abundant objects of archæological interest in *Stamford*, will be visited on Thursday. All Saints, Oakham, a large cruciform church, has a lofty, rich tower and spire, *c.* 1483; it is mainly Perpendicular, but the west window of the south aisle of the nave consists of a fine arrangement of lancets. There is a good library attached to it, containing about two hundred volumes. The castle was built by Walkelin Ferrers, in the time of Henry II., and was held by Richard, King of the Romans; Edmund, Earl of Kent; De Vere, the favourite of Richard II.; Thomas of Woodstock; Buckingham, the victim of Richard III.; Cromwell, Earl of Essex; and George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the friend of Charles II. The remains of the castle consist of the hall, and a ruined wall which surrounds the circular enclosure in which it stands. It is entered by a gateway of late date on the south side. Though it has received some alterations to fit it for its present use as a County Hall, it is still in a remarkably perfect state, and stands east and west; the masonry is rubble, with ashlar buttresses and quoins, and the beauty of the design and superior execution of its ornamental parts render the building one of the most valuable examples extant of transitional Norman about the latter part of the twelfth century, *c.* 1180. It measures sixty-five by forty-three feet, and is divided by two rows of pillars. The roof is a king-post roof; part of it was put up by Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, all the rest being modern. The hall is said to have been built by Walkelyn de Ferrers. On the crest of the west gable is a sagittary, who lost his bow and arrow under the practice of some rifle shooters some years since. Every Peer who passes through the town is bound to give a horse-shoe, to be nailed up in the castle-gate or in the yard; several are gilt, and bear the names of Queen Elizabeth, the late Duke of York, George IV., and the Princess Victoria; they are placed over the judge's chair. Stamford, formerly Stean-forde, the ford near the Romanway, was recently one of the most important resting-places in the great northern road; its principal inn, erected in 1810, cost £40,000. The bridge, built 1849, occupies the site of a Norman structure. The view down the Welland is very pretty, and on the left is the Elizabethan Hospital founded by Lord Burghley. The Picts and Scots were defeated here by the Britons and their Saxon allies in 449; but in 992 the northern part of the town was occupied by the Danes, while the portion south of the Welland was held by the Saxons. Stamford was one of the five burghs in the Danelaga, which connected their Northumbrian and East Anglian possessions. Parliaments, councils, and visits of kings diversify the mediæval history of the town, which, being attached to the Yorkist faction, suffered irreparable injury at the hands of Queen Margaret and the Lancastrians. The battle of Lose Coats Field was fought in 1462 at no great distance from Stamford. Ramsey Abbey received a large accession to its library after a pillage of the Jews' synagogue. At an earlier date seven greater and four lesser towers, seven principal and two postern gates, once broke and relieved the length of the old town walls. Of these, one bastion remains, near the site of St. Peter's gate.

Passing St. Martin's and All Saints, without the walls, the visitor in the fourteenth century saw to the east the churches of the Holy Trinity and St. Stephen, St. Leonard's, and the houses of the Franciscans, Dominicans, and Carmelites; within the circuit of the fortifications were the steeples of eight churches, and the castle with keep and towers formed a prominent feature; while colleges, halls, hospitals, or as they are locally called, Caleisses (probably from having been founded for the relief of poor merchants of the staple of Calais established here), Bede-houses, gable-fronted streets, the castle, destroyed by Richard III., and the beautiful cross of Queen Eleanor, demolished by the Parliamentarians, presented a beautiful succession of objects. St. Mary's Hill was called by Scott "the finest street scene between London and Edinburgh," and it contains an ancient postern gate. Some silver-gilt maces are preserved in the Town Hall. In High Street, the gateway of Brasenose College—geometrical Decorated, not later than 1300—is the last relic of the numerous schools of learning which existed here in the reign of Edward III., when, about 1333, Stamford became for a time the rival of Oxford. The Decorated gateway of the Stamford Infirmary was formerly the western entrance to the House of the Carmelites. Near it are portions of the wall and the postern of the Grey Friars. Daniel Lambert, the fat man, who died here in 1809, is buried in St. Martin's Churchyard. Stamford boasts the peculiar privilege of quartering the royal arms; but the archæologist will turn with eagerness to investigate its numerous antiquities. The principal remains are those of the Benedictine House of St. Leonard, a cell of Durham, consisting of the west end of the nave and five arches of the west arcade, with their clerestory, of the eleventh century. The Priory is said to have been founded by Archbishop Wilfred, in the seventh century. The present Grammar School occupies the south aisle of a former church of St. Paul, of about the year 1150, with windows of the time of Edward II.

Browne's Hospital, founded in the reign of Richard III. by Alderman Browne, Late Perpendicular, remains tolerably perfect, with its chapel, which retains portions of the original painted glass, and is divided from the adjoining domestic buildings by a screen. It has two stories looking into the chapel, the cells of the confraters being below, and the upper range being a hall. The cloister is on one side only.

The more ancient parts of All Saints, St. Mary's, and St. George, are pure Early English, of the early part of the thirteenth century. As at Eastby, St. Michael's, Coventry, Whitby, Stratford-on-Avon,

Lichfield, and Canterbury, there is a deflection of the choir from the line of the nave. Considerable improvements have been effected in the chancel, under the direction of Mr. Edward Browning; it has received a new and appropriate roof, and an east and a south window, filled with glass by Wailes, have replaced former incongruous windows; a reredos, of rich materials and good design, has been erected at the east end.

The richly panelled roof of the north chantry or golden choir of St. Mary's, is of the fifteenth century. The tower is Early English, richly arcaded, which offers an interesting contrast to the panelled Perpendicular tower of All Saints, which is of the fifteenth century. The broach spire is decorated, *c.* 1300, with spire lights, and canopied statues at the base. That of All Saints, which is Perpendicular, rises from within battlements, flanked with octagonal turrets. The interior of All Saints is striking, the lofty chancel roof almost rich, and the Early English portion of the nave plain, but good. The fine panelled porch is *c.* 1550.

St. John Baptist, mainly Perpendicular and recently restored, contains a memorial window, erected at a cost three hundred guineas; a fine oak roof, and some very rich wood-work and screens.

In St. George's, each bay of the nave, like the tower, exhibits Early English and Decorated work, and a Perpendicular clerestory and roof; the chancel is of the latter date. The Church of St. Martin was built by Bishop Russell, *c.* 1482, and contains the monument of the great Lord Burghley. Some fragments of glass remain in St. Mary's, All Saints, St. Martin's, and St. John's, and in the chapel and audit-room of Browne's Hospital. The most ancient monument is a recumbent effigy of a knight under a Decorated canopy, and a Tudor monument of the time of Henry VII. in St. Mary's.

Thorney Abbey, Croyland Abbey, Peakirk, Northborough, Glinton, and Woodcroft, will be visited on Saturday.

Peakirk Church, dedicated to St. Pega, the sister of St. Guthlac, contains some good stained glass and oak furniture, and presents a Norman bell-gable, with three niches in place of a tower. On entering the south porch, under a lofty Early English arch, a rich Norman inner arch is seen. The south aisle is Early English, and the north aisle Norman, each of three bays. The chancel arch, probably Early English, rises from tall Norman pillars; the fine east window is Perpendicular; there is a piscina and an aumbry both in the north and south walls. The roofs are plain and flat. The clerestory consists of lancets, but the walls are Decorated. There is a plain octagonal font. About one hundred yards east of the church there is a small but interesting Early Decorated chapel, now converted into a dwelling-house, called the "Hermitage;" it contains a diminutive nave and chancel, with an east window of uncommon but beautiful design; a piscina, a gable cross, and several traceried windows were blocked up. It is believed to occupy the site of St. Pega's cell.

St. Andrew's, Northborough, seven miles from Peterborough, has a west front of the twelfth century, with a bell-gable, containing two bell-niches, and a wall supported by four flat buttresses. The church appears to have been rebuilt in the thirteenth century, for the pillars of the nave are of that date, and again in the Decorated period, the capitals and arches, with the inner door of the south porch (which contains a Perpendicular holywater stoup), being of that time. The entrance to the roodloft remains. Two sedilia are in the south aisle, and in the north wall is a traceried sepulchral recess. The font is plain and octagonal. The north wall of the chancel is pierced with three good Decorated windows; on the south side is a chantry chapel, transitional from Decorated to Perpendicular, the windows having flowing tracery, and that in the south wall being flanked by two octagonal turrets. In the parish register is the entry "Elizabeth, the relict of Oliver Cromwell, sometime Protector of England; was buried November the 19th, 1665." The chapel bears the name of the Cleypoles, one of whom married Elizabeth, second daughter of the Regicide. The old house of the Cleypoles, called by the villagers the castle, is now occupied by a farmer. It is a Manor-house of the middle of the fourteenth century, in which Cromwell's wife died. The remains include a gate-house, containing a guard-room, and fronting a hall which measures thirty-six by twenty-four feet, and retains a porch of the period of Henry VII. The south transept of the parish church is of the same period as the house; and under the large window are two sepulchral recesses, which once, in all likelihood, were occupied by the effigies of the founders, Sir Geoffrey de la Mare and his wife, which now remain in the neighbouring churchyard of Glinton. Northborough is the property of Earl Fitzwilliam. The position of a chimney attached to the gable should be noticed; it is richly ornamented with canopies, and has a battlement over it. The plaster ceiling of one of the chambers has lately fallen in, and shows the roof of trussed rafters common in the Early English and Decorated periods. Clare, the peasant-poet, planted two yew-trees in the little garden of his cottage here; he is now an inmate of the lunatic asylum at Northampton. One of his prettiest poems was addressed to the spire of Glinton church. The internal arrangements and condition of Northborough church are disgraceful. Woodcroft Manor-house stands in the parish of Elton, nearly a mile from the church, and about six miles from Peterborough; it was erected in the reign of Edward I. or early in that of Edward II., and in its appearance is very different to any building in this county of the same period. It was probably built under the direction of Abbot John de Caux, who built the beautiful Infirmary Chapel at Peterborough, and the entrance-gate of the bishop's palace there. It probably, like Northborough, formed once a quadrangle, surrounded by the moat, which is tolerably perfect; the remains, now used as a farm-house, consist of a parallelogram a hundred feet in length and twenty-four feet in width, terminated by a three-storied circular tower, which probably served as a prison. In the centre is a square tower. Over the gateway was a chapel, and on one side was the hall. It was the scene of the death of the Cavalier Dr. Hudson, the Dr. Rocliffe of Sir Walter Scott's *Woodstock*; he was chaplain to King Charles I., and died while defending the house for the King, by falling into the moat, his fingers having been savagely hewn off as he clung to the parapet.

St. Thomas's Church, Glinton, six miles from Peterborough, mainly Perpendicular, but with much mixed architecture, has a tower and octagonal spire.

Thorney Abbey. Saxulphus, Abbot of Peterborough, founded a monastery at Thorney in 662, which was refounded by Ethelwold, Bishop of Winchester, in 972, and dedicated to St. Botolph and St. Mary. Malmesbury speaks with enthusiasm of its orchards and vineyards and fertile soil. No women were allowed to live within nine miles of the Abbey, which took its name, like that of the first church in Westminster, from the rough underwood which covered the site. Benedict Biscop, the tutor of Bede, and the accomplished Abbot of Wearmouth, who introduced glazing into England, was buried in the minster, and Bishop Pecock, of Chichester, was a prisoner here on a charge of heresy. The only abbots of note were the learned Fulcher, Blythe, Bishop of Down and Connor, and Gunter, who built the church 1085–1108. Five bays of the nave only remain, and its aisles were destroyed in 1636. The fine original Norman west front has received additions in the Perpendicular period, including the window and octagonal panelled termination to the side turrets, and a canopied arcade with statues, which has replaced the gable. In the churchyard several grave-stones record the deaths of French and Walloon labourers, employed by the Duke of Bedford for the drainage of the fens, and from one portion of whom the embankment called French Drove derives its name.

St. Guthlac's Abbey, Croyland. On this spot, St Guthlac, renouncing the sword for the cowl, established himself as a hermit. The abbey, which took him for its patron, was founded by King Ethelbald. The whole island of Croylandwas given to the monks, but oak and alders in great numbers were driven down as piles, and dry earth was brought a distance of eight miles from Upland, and the anchorite's wooden cell was replaced by a church of stone. The scourges and the flaying-knives of St. Bartholomew were borne as the abbey arms. The abbey was as inaccessible to horses as Venice itself; and gave rise to the proverb, "All the hoofs that come to Croyland are shod with silver." The huge mass of the abbey, with its tower, is plainly visible over an extensive plain, intersected by dykes, and only relieved by an occasional bed of sallows or a lonely farmhouse. The meaning of Croyland is "crude or muddy land." In 870, the Danes, under their chief, Oskytell, murdered the abbot as he sang mass, and put the monks to cruel tortures to make them discover where the church treasure was hidden. It had been already removed, and in revenge the Northmen set fire to the convent, and then set out to do the same by Medehampstead. In 946, Turketul, the King's Chancellor, found a few monks still established here among the ruins, and treated them so kindly as to be the origin of the proverb, "Croyland courtesy." He in the end became abbot, and at his own cost restored the church and buildings, and commenced a chronicle of events. His successor added a large number of buildings, which were all of timber, and the finest ring of bells hitherto known in England. In 1013, the abbey became the refuge of the inhabitants of Glinton, Barnack, and other villages—priests and monks flying before the raids of King Sweyn; and when all the money of the abbey was exhausted, the abbot engaged the services of two protectors, to whom he granted lands. Heavy rain had laid the fens under water, and the young and able among the men kept watch among the reeds and alders at the mouths of the rivers; while church and cloister, the courts, and cemetery covered with tents, were thronged with a multitude of poor refugees; and again at the death of King Canute. Harold gave the church his coronation robe. Ingulphus, the chronicler and traveller in Holy Land, had not only to restore discipline, but to rebuild the abbey, after a dreadful fire in 1091. Joffrid, his successor, continued the works, and sent messengers round England inviting assistance, while he sent several of his monks to Cottenham, near Cambridge, to give lectures to the students, thus producing a revenue of no inconsiderable importance. Great repairs were rendered necessary in 1117, owing to an earthquake, and in 1153 by a fresh conflagration; and the works were carried on far into the fifteenth century. Here, as at Peterborough, Tewksbury, and Norwich, the choir terminated in an apse.

Henry VI. came to pay his devotions at St. Guthlac's shrine, and stayed three days and three nights with the monks. He was so pleased with their devotion, that he desired to be admitted into the fraternity. Soon after, on the death of the Duke of York, the men of the north having committed dreadful ravages, the inhabitants of Crowland brought their effects into the abbey, processions were made daily round the tomb of St. Guthlac, the gates of the abbey and village were constantly guarded, the mouths of the dykes and canals were fortified with stakes and trunks of trees, and other obstacles were scattered along the highways. The enemy came within six miles only of Croyland, but happily passed by on its way.

Edward IV. stayed here one night, with a suite of two hundred horse, on his return from a pilgrimage to Walsingham to pray for the subsidence of a great flood, in 1467.

The triangular bridge is mentioned here so early as 943. The present one was built 1360–90; near it is a figure, which has fallen from the west front. There were formerly four standing stones, marking the limits of the monastic leuga. One, called St. Guthlac's Cross, remains on the road to Spalding. The abbey had convenient lodgings, built in 1469 by the abbot, for the reception of scholars sent from the brotherhood at Buckingham, now Magdalen College, Cambridge.

The site of the abbey was given by Edward VI. to Edward Lord Clinton, but in 1811 was in possession of the family of Hunter. To the east of the church was an "anchorage house," of two stories, which was destroyed in 1720. The west door and part of the west front are Early English, the western arch of the central tower is Early Norman, and the intersecting arcades in the south of the west front, Transitional Norman; but the central portion of it was built 1281–1303. Abbot Overton, elected 1392, rebuilt the nave, which has no triforium, the transept, and choir screen. The north aisle, *c.* 1171–91, which served as a parish church, retains a wooden screen, a contemporaneous font, and a cylindrical stoup. In 1380, the western window was enlarged. Perpendicular work covers the two western Norman buttresses, and there are seven tiers of statues on

the front. The present tower was built 1427–64. The choir and transepts were destroyed in 1559, and the south nave aisle, by the Parliamentarians. After a careful examination of the west front by Mr. G. G. Scott, it was found that no part of the original foundations, whether of the Norman or Perpendicular period, had been laid upon the gravel below the fenny surface soil, and, in consequence, some portions of the elevation had inclined as much as two feet from the perpendicular, and wide fissures had ensued.

The only remedy was the supply of new foundations reaching down to the gravel, and a subsequent screwing up of the inclining walls into their proper vertical position; success attended these operations, and a solid mass nine feet in depth has been built under the old pile, fully capable of sustaining it—a triumphant instance of engineering skill on the part of Mr. G. G. Scott, the architect, and Messrs. Thompson and Ruddle, the contractors of Peterborough. A sum of £528 was raised for the work through the exertions of Rev. E. Moore of Spalding, the special secretary appointed by the Lincolnshire Architectural Society. £50 are required to secure the Norman lower arch at the end of the nave.

Fotheringay, and the churches with other objects of interest in the neighbourhood of Oundle, will be visited on Monday.

Fotheringay Castle, four miles from Oundle, built by Simon de Liz, second Earl of Northumberland, in the twelfth century, was demolished by James I. on his accession to the throne of England; but a portion of the stained glass from the windows of the great hall was placed in Milton House, the seat of the Earl Fitzwilliam, about three miles from Peterborough. Fuller relates that he saw on one of the windows these lines, probably traced by Mary herself,—

"From the top of all my trust,
Mishap has laid me in the dust."

The Church of St. Mary and All Saints, of the fifteenth century, was attached to a college founded in 1412, by Edward Duke of York. Within the altar-rails were buried the founder, killed at Agincourt 1414; Richard, Duke of York, killed at Wakefield 1466; and his wife Cicely, who died 1495. The adjoining castle was the seat of the Plantagenets, and the birthplace of Richard III.; Queen Mary was beheaded here February 8, 1587, after an imprisonment of eighteen years. The keep was built in the shape of a fetter-lock, the device of the House of York. A few fragments of walls near the Nene, and portions of the moat, are all that at present remains of the castle of Edmund of Langley. Pereo Mill is said to have derived its name from the exclamation of Queen Mary, who had hailed the sound of a messenger's horn as a reprieve, only to find herself bitterly disappointed.

Samian ware, and a clay cylinder for baking purposes, were discovered, with other Roman remains, near Oundle, including urns and fine jug of Castor ware. The town stands on a slope above the Nene, which is here crossed by two bridges: that on the north-east is connected with a causeway to secure the passage over the flats near the river when the waters are out. St. Peter's Church is a fine cruciform building, presenting specimens of Early English in the pillars and arches, a Decorated clerestory, and a Perpendicular tower and hexagonal spire, a south porch, and a portion of the transept. The rich stall-work, a brass eagle, parclores, and some fragments of painted glass, are of considerable interest. The Drumming Well here received its name from a spring which produces a singular sound. Leland says that Oundle is a corruption of Avon or Water-Dale. The quadrangular ruin of Barnwell Castle, two and a half miles from Oundle, of the period of Henry I., and once the seat of Montacutes and Montagues, retains four round bastions and the southern gateway. The Church of St. Andrew, Early English, has a good tower and spire, and some new benches, by G. G. Scott.

The members of the Institute will not fail to observe triumphs of modern skill, exhibited not in rearing magnificent churches or castles, but in engineering works, railways, broad drains, and huge grassy embankments; windmill-pumps, and hydraulic engine-houses, with farmhouses and cottages filled with healthy occupants, wholly unlike the poor, crooked, trembling creatures, broken down with ague and rheumatism, who appeared, in the eyes of St. Guthlac, imps of evil. The ash, the aspen, the alder, and the pollard-willow are found now, almost as commonly as the reed and flag; the bittern, the snipe, the wild duck, the crane, the stork, and the heron have disappeared with the fogs, floods, and rheums, and given place to crops, flocks, and cattle.

Discourses on archæology, evening soirées, a dinner at the Great Northern Hotel, a temporary museum, a conversazione at the Deanery, a collation given by the Mayor of Stamford, various excursions, interesting memoirs to be read, and a full choral service on Sunday, followed by a sermon by the Bishop of Oxford, are items in the attractive programme issued by the Institute, for the pleasant week which they hope to spend. The President is Lord Talbot de Malahide; the Director of the Excursions, Rev. E. Hill; and the Directors of the Local Museum, Messrs. A. W. Franks, C. Tucker, Albert Way, and A. Trollope; and we have to congratulate the meeting on having secured such an amiable and competent Secretary as Mr. W. Brooks. The Section of History, under the Dean of Ely, includes Sir J. Boileau, W. H. Blauw, G. Burtt, Rev. C. H. Hartshorne, S. Lyson, F. C. Massingberd, and W. Stubbs. The Section of Architecture, under Lord A. Compton, comprises Sir C. Anderson, Sir C. Boughton, Sir S. Glynne, E. A. Freeman, A. J. B. Hope, Revs. J. L. Petit and J. F. Russell, G. G. Scott, Dr. Whewell, Professor Willis, Mr. J. H. Parker, &c. The Section of Early and Mediæval Antiquities is composed of O. Morgan, Lord Neaves, Rev. J. Beck, W. C. Lukis, H. M. Scarth, E. Trollope, Dr. Rock, E. Watterton, and E. Hawkins, &c.

We must, in conclusion, express our hope that a bright sun may accompany the excursionists, and that a large accession of permanent members be the result of this Meeting of the Institute, which will be supported by an influential local Committee, many persons of high consideration in the county, and the excellent and energetic Architectural Association of the Archdeaconry, which publishes a very valuable series of papers; while the Lincolnshire Society, which has recently visited several places included in the programme issued by the Institute, will be duly represented by some valuable auxiliaries.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Florence, July 19.

I spoke in my last letter of the perfect readiness and uncomplaining self-sacrifice with which Florence accepted and welcomed the lot of falling into the rank of a provincial city, at the time when the fusion or non-fusion of Tuscany with the kingdom of Upper Italy was still undecided; and I invited the admiration of Englishmen to a spectacle of pure and unalloyed patriotism, such as few communities have ever been called upon to practise, or have had an opportunity of manifesting. The enthusiasm for Italy, which produced this epidemic of self-denial, was no fleeting emotion, such as is often spread among the members of a community by the contagion of some strong impulse, and is sure to fade and die out, when the moment of excitement shall have passed. Two years have wellnigh elapsed since that time of agitating hopes and fears, of the triumph of success mixed with breathless anxiety about the future; and Florence is still equally ready for any amount of sacrifice which the cause of Italian nationality may impose upon her. Increased taxes are paid without grumbling, and a yet further increase, burdening the people beyond what they have ever been accustomed to under the late dynasty, will be paid with equal cheerfulness; although the smaller demands made on the people by the late Government were met with never-ceasing complaint and indignation. For the Tuscans know that constitutional government is necessarily costly,—that the needs of the country are great,—that Italy cannot be born without suffering and sacrifice,—and that the money will be expended in securing the objects which they have at heart. There is, in truth, no symptom of any kind, that the high-strung patriotism, which prompted the Tuscan people to postpone all thoughts of their own interests to those of the national cause, has paled or faded in the slightest degree. Tuscany was ready then, and is equally so at the present day, to accept whatever lot the wisdom of the nation in parliament assembled may assign to her.

But it must not be forgotten that at the period of the fusion of Tuscany with Upper Italy, the situation was an entirely different one from that which a most wonderful and not to be foreseen combination and series of events has since made it. At that time, the question was of the Duchies of Central Italy and Emilia being united to Piedmont and Lombardy; and it was taken quite as matter of course, that Turin, the ancient capital of the Sardinian States and of the House of Savoy, would continue to be the capital of the enlarged kingdom. And although Turin was, in all respects, far less favourably situated and circumstanced to be the capital of a kingdom of Upper Italy than Florence; though, in respect to the place in history occupied by the two cities, all comparison was wholly out of the question; nevertheless, the once haughty and self-seeking old Republic was contented for the sake of the good cause to accept the second place, and yield the post of honour to the comparatively young subalpine city.

But when the wondrous course of the destinies of Italy had become revealed to the point at which the great statesman who was presiding over them, was entitled to say—

"Major rerum nihi nascitur ordo,"

—when the realization of the glorious vision of an Italy, one and undivided, began to appear possible; when it grew with a rapidity that held all Europe breathless with astonishment and admiration, from a possibility to an all but accomplished fact; then the question of choosing a capital for the kingdom of Italy, became a very different one. And the first point which became clear to all men who gave a thought to the subject, whether Italians or foreigners, was, that it was out of the question that Turin could be permanently the capital of the whole of Italy.

And Turin, with an equal amount of patriotic unselfishness, has recognized and accepted this fact. Indeed, the truth is, that of all the cities of Italy, whose position has been affected by the recent changes in the peninsula, Turin will, in all probability, be the only one which will really and permanently be a sufferer from them. The fortunes of the old capital of the Piedmontese monarchy depended too exclusively on the residence of the sovereign within its walls, and on the life imparted to it by the adventitious circumstance of being the seat of Government, for its palmy state to survive the removal of those advantages. It possesses few or none of the natural elements of prosperity within itself. Its climate is equally disagreeable in summer and in winter. Its position, in a strategical point of view, is as unfavourable as it well could be; and it possesses neither the special facilities, which are found to attract commerce, nor reminiscences of the past, nor charms of the present day, calculated to allure those in search of a pleasant residence. In truth, the decadence, which Florence feared for herself, when she surrendered her autonomy to the cause of Italy, may, with much more reason, be looked forward to by Turin. And the Turinese by no means fool themselves with any illusions on the subject. But none the less at a meeting of the civic authorities of Turin a few weeks ago, several of the speakers, while recognizing the impossibility that their city should continue to be the capital, expressed the most entire readiness to accept whatever lot and station the best-considered interests of Italy might assign to them.

When this stage of opinion on the matter has been reached, when the Italians thus find themselves free to select their future capital as they please, but subjected to the necessity of choosing a new one somewhere, it is very natural that their first thoughts should be directed towards Rome. Like all other nations of the Latin stock, the Italians have a great fondness for high-sounding phrases, and what the Americans irreverently but expressively call "tall talk." And the notion of making Rome, the

Eternal, the capital of their new Italy, supplies a very abundant amount of such. A vast quantity of poetical capital may, as one sees at once, be got out of it. There is the "Magni nominis umbra!" The whole of the notion is crammed full of big words and highly available clap-trap. There is still a virtue in the lingering resonance of the old "Urbi et Orbi" alliteration;—a vague and misty notion that the primacy of Italian civilization is somehow or other connected with, or may be somehow or other assisted in re-asserting itself by claiming the inheritance of Rome's pretensions to primacy of a very different kind! There is talk about "the heights of the Capitol!" and appeals very promiscuously made to associations and memories both imperial and papal, which, if Italy would comprehend aright the new career which lies before her, should be remembered only as warnings of evils to be shunned, and not as glories to be appealed to for inspiration. All the poets—and in Italy that is a large number—are strong for making Rome the capital of Italy. It would be the loss of an epic, or, at least, a dozen of sonnets, to every man of them, were the matter decided otherwise!

Then there is an idea, which has been much more prevalent beyond the Alps than in Italy, that it would be necessary to make Rome the capital, because the other cities of the peninsula would yield their several claims to no other among them. Each would consent to be second to eternal Rome, it was asserted, but to no other rival; and much was said in support of this notion about the old jealousies, feuds, and hatreds between the various cities of Italy. But all this talk is a palpable anachronism; very pertinent with regard to a past state of things, but wholly beside the mark as applied to the present or the future. Nothing has been more remarkable among all the extraordinary circumstances attending the recent development of Italy into a nation, than the sudden and entire disappearance of those municipal jealousies and church-steeple patriotisms, which, during so many ages, made all union and common action impossible in Italy. So much has been said and written for years past, of the hatred existing between one Italian city and another,—the nation has been so bitterly taunted with the impotency and incapability arising from this cause,—the Italians themselves have learned, by so many cruel lessons, the truth of these reproaches, that, during the entire course of the late revolution, the leading cities of the peninsula have vied with each other in showing how completely they have conquered and forgotten all such feelings; and municipal self-abnegation has been made the touchstone of national patriotism.

But there has been another motive busily at work in spreading the cry among the Italians, that no city, save Rome, must be the capital of the new kingdom;—a motive perfectly well understood and recognised in Italy, but perhaps not so rightly estimated in other countries. "We must have Rome for our capital," means, very generally at the present moment, simply "We must have Rome." The argument, that it is absolutely necessary as the capital of the new State, is used both to keep up at boiling point the enthusiasm of the Italians themselves for the object of obtaining possession of it, and to act as a pressure on the Potentate who is holding it back from them. And I have very specially good reasons for believing that the expressions of the great man, whose loss Italy is still mourning, in favour of making Rome the new capital, were prompted by the expediency of making this political use of them. It is within the writer's knowledge, that under other circumstances, the great minister, when more privately speaking his own opinions, was entirely favourable to the idea of making Florence the capital of Italy. Italy must possess Rome most unquestionably, whether to make use of it as a capital or otherwise; and it might seem that so manifest a necessity would need no adventitious arguments in support of it. But the truth is, that the Italians are, far more anxiously and more generally than is believed to the north of the Alps, desirous of getting rid of the Pope and the Papacy altogether. And a large and active party insist on making Rome the capital of Victor Emanuel's kingdom, because they hope that such an arrangement would be found incompatible with the existence at Rome of the Papacy. Unquestionably, the liberation of Italy from the incubus of the Papacy is a great object. The benefit to the country in many ways would be quite incalculable. But those who, for the sake of obtaining this object, would inflict so great a permanent injury on the country, as would arise from the fatal mistake of selecting Rome for its capital, have not that perfect faith in the absolute impossibility of the coexistence of such a system as the Papacy, with a free constitutional government, which an Englishman would have.

In a word, the chief motives, avowed and unavowed, which have moved the Italians to cast their eyes on Rome as their future capital, may be referred to four categories:—1st. Imaginative and poetical sentiment. 2nd. The fear of arousing municipal jealousies and animosities. 3rd. The political use which may be made of the cry. 4th. The hope that such a measure would tend to the ousting of the Pope and the Papacy.

With those who are swayed by the first of these motives, it is useless to argue. If it were granted that a question involving consequences of such eminently practical kinds, ought to be decided on such grounds, it might also, perhaps, be admitted that Rome would have the highest claim to the honour in debate; though even on such grounds, very much might be said in favour of the Italian Athens.

As to the second reason, it has been appealed to more out of Italy than by the Italians themselves, who are well aware that they have, henceforth, little or nothing to fear from that spectre of the past, which it would evoke.

With regard to the third, if it is to be considered as a serious demand, rather than as a cry got up to serve the object of the moment, it may be remarked that the absolute and self-evident necessity, that Rome should be governed by the Government of Italy, for every purpose of good internal administration and the general peace of Europe, is sufficiently strong to be found eventually irresistible, whatever may be the ultimate destiny of the city which has so long, to the infinite misfortune of mankind, vindicated its claim to the epithet "eternal."

And to the fourth consideration it may be answered, that even if it were judged to be a good bargain for Italy to purchase her liberation from the Papacy at the price of all the evils which a grievous mischoice of its capital must always entail upon a country, the bargain would still, in the present case, be an extremely bad one, because of the certainty, that the influences of a really free constitutional government will sooner or later, and assuredly at no great distance of time, be found fatal to the organism which it is sought to get rid of. The Italians do not yet quite understand all the meaning and all the results involved in the existence of a House of Commons. If they did, they would not think it necessary to make any sacrifice for the sake of ensuring the extirpation of the Papacy, in any shape in which it can hurt them.

In my next letter I purpose showing, that on every practical consideration it *would* be a grievous mistake, and a sacrifice of much future progress and prosperity, to place the seat of Government and the capital of Italy at Rome; and pointing out the very great superiority of Florence in every respect.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. BUCKLE ON THE HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION IN SCOTLAND.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,—Mr. Buckle's ignorance of the ecclesiastical history of Scotland is indeed astounding, and almost incredible. He writes as if the Scottish clergy had continued in unbroken succession, from the days of Knox downwards, to hold the same tenets, preach the same doctrines, exercise the same discipline, and wield the same authority. If he had possessed any real knowledge of the Scotch Church, he would have known that the reverse is the truth. The system established by Knox and his associates lasted about forty years; and in 1606 was replaced by Episcopacy, which in its turn was overthrown in 1638. The outbreak which swept away the hierarchy was essentially a popular movement. All classes eagerly subscribed the Solemn League and Covenant, and Presbyterianism, in consequence, now attained the highest power it has ever reached in Scotland. This paramount authority, however, lasted only about twenty years. At the Restoration Episcopacy was once more reinstated in power; the Presbyterian clergy were expelled, silenced, imprisoned, banished, tortured, and hanged, and attendance on their ministry was forbidden under pain of death. A large portion of the upper classes conformed to the Established Church, but the great body of the people adhered, with indomitable courage and firmness, to the national faith. At the Revolution Episcopacy was again and finally overthrown, but the new Presbyterian ministers no longer possessed the fiery zeal or ability and learning of their covenanting forefathers. A large body of the Episcopalian "curates," as they were termed, were permitted to retain their livings on merely submitting to the authority of the Presbyterian Church. Many new ministers of kindred spirit were admitted. In the course of a few years Moderatism, as it was called, became the dominant system. The preachers of the old faith, the advocates of popular rights, dwindled down to a small minority. The more zealous of their number were expelled, and the remainder were trodden down and rendered powerless in the Church Courts. During the period of nearly a century an overwhelming majority of the pulpits of the Established Church were filled by men after Mr. Buckle's own heart—Presbyterian ministers who sneered at the Confession of Faith as fanatical and superstitious, preached, as Burns says,—

"Like Socrates or Antonine,
Or some auld Pagan heathen,"

and were the resolute opponents of popular rights and of the popular faith. During this long reign of Moderatism the gentry, for the most part, forsook the National Church, and conformed to the Episcopalian system, and not a few of the upper classes became utterly indifferent to religion; but the great body of the people resolutely adhered to the religion of their fathers. The creed of Knox and Melville is still the creed of the Scottish nation, and its staunchest adherents are the members of those Presbyterian churches who both elect their ministers by popular suffrage and maintain them by their voluntary contributions. This fact furnishes the true key to much that would otherwise be inexplicable in Scottish history. We must exactly reverse Mr. Buckle's principle if we would read that history aright, or form a correct estimate of the national character. The Scottish Presbyterian Church is the instrument, not of priestly, but of popular power; and the clergy—especially the unendowed portion of them—instead of being, as Mr. Buckle foolishly imagines, a set of "ignorant, insolent, and arrogant" tyrants, before whom the people crouch in slavish fear, are, to a great extent, the exponents of the popular opinions and feelings, and the defenders of the popular rights.

If space had permitted, I should have liked to expose some of Mr. Buckle's sins of omission as well as of commission, especially his unaccountable and unpardonable neglect to notice the influence which diversities of race have had in the formation of the existing national character of the Scottish people. He seems to belong to that class of Cockney artists and writers who imagine that Scotland is little else than a congeries of mountains and lakes, and that every Scotsman wears a kilt and speaks Gaelic. He writes in magniloquent terms of "the storms and the mists; the darkened sky flashed by frequent lightning; the peals of thunder reverberating from mountain to mountain, and echoing on every side; the dangerous hurricanes; the gusts sweeping the innumerable lakes with which the country is studded; the rolling and impetuous torrent flooding the path of the traveller, and stopping his progress." "Even the belief in witchcraft," he says, "has been affected by these peculiarities; ... and while, according to the old English creed, the witch was a miserable and decrepit hag, she in Scotland rose to the dignity of a potent sorcerer, who mastered the evil spirit, and forced it to do her will." If Mr. Buckle had known anything of Scotland and Scottish scenery, he would have been saved the gross blunder of confounding the fertile plains of East Lothian, Berwickshire and Moray, the Carse of Gowrie and

Strathmore, the sandy shores of Ayr, and the rich orchard-land of Clydesdale, with the mountain ranges of Argyle and Inverness; and he would have learned that by far the most terrible of all the Scottish tales of *diablerie* and witchcraft is connected, not with Ben Nevis or Glencoe, but with the rich and level country around Preston Pans and North Berwick.

I should have liked to animadvert, also, on Mr. Buckle's insolent sneers at the doctrine of a special Providence, and various other tenets, which are held by all denominations of Christians, as well as upon his indiscriminate application of the term *superstition* to every form of religious belief. But I must draw my remarks to a close, and shall content myself with giving only one additional example of Mr. Buckle's "ignorance," "arrogance," and unfairness. He loses no opportunity of denouncing the Scottish clergy of the present day as "noisy and ignorant preachers," who "still exhibit, whenever they dare, an insolent and domineering spirit,"—"to whom the country allows a license and yields a submission disgraceful to the age, and incompatible with the commonest notions of liberty," and as "an intolerant and ambitious priesthood," before whom the people "crouch as they did of old, abandoning their rights, sacrificing their independence, and yielding up their consciences." In proof of the truth of these strong statements, he narrates an event, which he says, "moreover supplies an admirable illustration of the essential antagonism which still exists between the Scotch and English minds." The event so pregnant with instruction occurred during the ravages of the cholera, in 1853. The Scotch clergy, he informs us, "backed, sad to say, by the general voice of the Scottish people," instead of "occupying themselves," like the people of England, "with sanatory measures and carnal devices to improve the public health," "insisted on the propriety of ordering a national fast, which, in so superstitious a country, was sure to be rigidly kept," and "was also to be accompanied by a public humiliation, in order that nothing might be wanting to appal the mind and fill it with terror. On the same occasion, the preachers were to thunder from their pulpits and proclaim aloud the sins of the land; while the poor benighted people, panic-struck, were to sit in awe, *were to remain the whole day without proper nourishment, and retire to their beds weeping and starved.* Then it was hoped that the Deity would be propitiated and the plague stayed. As soon as the entire nation had taken the course which, of all others, was most certain to increase the mortality, it was believed that man having done his worst, the Almighty would interfere, would violate the laws of nature, and, by making a miracle, would preserve his creatures from what, without a miracle, would be the inevitable consequence of their own deliberate act." It is difficult for a Scotchman to read with becoming gravity this precious specimen of Cockney ignorance and insolence, and—I feel constrained to add—of infidel scoffing. Where can Mr. Buckle have lived during the last six or seven years—to go no farther back—that he is ignorant of the fact, that a national fast has once and again been enjoined by the Government, with the full concurrence of the legislature and the people of England? or where did he learn that when a fast is held the Scottish people "remain the whole day without proper nourishment"? The fact is, as every man who is acquainted with Scotland knows, the people eat a better dinner on a fast-day than on an ordinary week-day. But this a trivial blunder compared with the flagrant falsehood of Mr. Buckle's assertion, that the Scottish clergy recommended the appointment of a day of fasting and humiliation, to the neglect of proper sanatory measures, for averting the pestilence. The clergy, on the contrary, were foremost in recommending the very measures which Mr. Buckle specifies as "the only way of successfully grappling with their terrible enemy." One of the Edinburgh ministers—a body whom he selects for special reprobation and scorn—has, single-handed, done more to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and instruct the ignorant, than Mr. Buckle and all his tribe. Our learned philosopher speaks scornfully of the conduct of the preachers who intended to avail themselves of this favourable opportunity to "proclaim aloud the sins of the people." He is evidently not aware that the fast was observed by the Scottish people after all, though not by royal authority, and that the preachers, as in duty bound, did on that day proclaim the sins of the nation. They were of opinion, that humiliation did not supersede the need of activity, and that it was necessary to cleanse as well as to fast, and therefore they earnestly exhorted the people to follow the very course which Mr. Buckle has pointed out. A sermon, delivered on that occasion by one of these "noisy and ignorant preachers," now lies before me. A great part of it consists of an indignant denunciation of the "sin" committed by the legislature and the people, in allowing the masses to grow up in ignorance and crime, devoid alike of physical comfort and of intellectual and moral culture, herding together in filthy and pestiferous hovels, the focus of disease, the nurseries of the hospital, the workhouse, and the jail; and I have the best reason to believe that that this discourse is a fair specimen of the sermons preached on that day by the Scottish clergy. Mr. Buckle bestows a glowing eulogium on Lord Palmerston for his Lordship's refusal in 1853 to comply with the request of the Edinburgh Presbytery that he would appoint a day for fasting and humiliation, and for his recommendation that immediate measures should be taken to destroy the causes of disease by improving the abodes of the poor. Lord Palmerston's advice was undoubtedly both judicious and seasonable, and was needed by thousands in England as well as in Scotland, though it was not greatly required by the men to whom it was nominally addressed. But his Lordship cannot hold the opinions which Mr. Buckle has imputed to him, and it is certain that he does not deserve the discredit of Mr. Buckle's praise; for both during the Crimean war and the Indian mutiny, when Lord Palmerston was at the head of the Administration, a national fast was appointed by the Government, with the cordial approbation of the great body of the people in England as well as in Scotland. Mr. Buckle will surely not venture to say that if Lord Palmerston was of opinion that fasting and humiliation were necessary and beneficial during the war and the mutiny, his Lordship could have regarded them as useless or pernicious during the ravages of the cholera.

Mr. Buckle seems to fancy that his animadversions will throw all Scotland into a flame; and he is prepared, he tells us, to find that he has brought upon himself the hostility of the whole nation by his boldness in denouncing Scottish bigotry and intolerance. Mr. Buckle may keep his mind quite easy on that score. His attack is not so very formidable, nor are the people of Scotland so thin-skinned as he imagines. But he has already learned to his cost, like some other sciolists of this boasted new philosophic school, the truth of the old Scottish motto, "Nemo me impune lacessit;" and if he renews his attack in the same spirit, he will assuredly find, like the "wee wee German Lairdie," that

"Our Scotch thistle will jag his thumbs."

T.

SCIENCE.

Elements of Medical Zoology. By A. Moquin-Tandon. Translated and Edited by Robert Thomas Hulme, M.R.C.S., F.L.S. Pp. 423. (London: Baillière.)

The meaning of the term Medical Zoology may not readily occur to the mind of the general reader. But it is, notwithstanding, an expressive term when understood, and one indicating a series of scientific studies of much interest and value to the professors of medicine, and through them to the public at large.

Under the head "Medical Zoology," the modern student recognizes the historical description of all those portions of zoological science which have any bearing on the theory and the practice of medicine. On the Continent, the study has been long considered worthy of special consideration; and, as a natural result of the learning thus acquired, many great truths, simple in character but determinate in science, have been added to the works of the Æsculapian fraternity. In proof of this statement, we need not do more than refer to the labours of Von Siebold, Küchenmeister, and M. Moquin-Tandon.

In framing a text-book on Medical Zoological Science, there are considerable difficulties in the way,—the chief one of which is the arrangement of the material on a method that shall allow the special department to stand out independently from Zoology proper. We have heard it argued, that the difficulty of this endeavour carries with it an inherent vice, and that the endeavour, if successful, would be futile; a laboured attempt at specializing part of a science which should be known in its fulness, and which is spoiled by subdivision. While there is a show of truth in reasoning such as this, it is not a show of the whole truth; for although it would be useful for every medical man to have a perfect knowledge of Zoology, it would not in any way impair his knowledge to have put into his hands a condensed account of such parts of the science as specially pertain to his own pursuits; while, on the other hand, such medical men as have no extended knowledge of the science may, in the midst even of an active life, learn a vast amount of useful information from a condensed history such as that to which we refer. Hence we opine that the endeavour to arrange a manual or systematic treatise of Medical Zoology, so as to mark out a subdivision at once simple and imposing, is a worthy object of ambition and deserving of all praise. In the attempts which have been made in this direction in past times, there have been many shortcomings. At first, the study was made to include only the notice of such animals as were used in medicine as remedies—such as cantharides, leeches, cochineal insect, and the like; but in the progress of discovery, it has been learned that inferior animal organizations have a more intimate relationship to man in his diseased states, than than the above scanty particulars suggest. We may with advantage seize this opportunity to sketch out briefly the nature of the relationships which have thus been established as existent.

In the first place, then, as between man and his lower earthmates there is an anatomical relationship, extending not only to the skeleton or bony framework, but to organs of secretion and locomotion, and even to the tissues of these organs. A complete knowledge of these relationships leads to a variety of useful teachings respecting the adaptations of structures and organs to various terrestrial conditions, as well as to the influences of habits and modes of life.

Secondly, an appreciation of the physiological connections between men and animals is a subject for profound contemplation: in this study is enclosed the great problem of life,—of life as a unity exhibited in a variety of phenomena, but wherever presented, acting and presenting under the government of some one simple, but as yet quite unknown, law. In this study, too, is embodied, as beneath or within the greater position, the respective functions of different animals in their relation to man; and the methods by which the various functions performed under widely differing circumstances and conditions are carried out by processes varying in detail, but unanimous in intention.

Thirdly, the pathological relationships between men and animals are points for almost endless thought by the medical philosopher. Here the subjects of study assume an interest and a simplicity which, if we had the space to

devote to it, would attract the attention of every man who would know why his body, or representation in flesh of what he is on this earth, should ever move from the natural plan on which it was primitively cast, and from a comely and physically happy representation, descend to one of disfigurement and pain. Medical Zoology, turned to the investigation of these topics, opens the eyes to the occurrences of diseases amongst animals differently situated and circumstanced. Is there an animal, or are there animals, which possess diseases peculiar to their own species? If so, what is there in the construction or in the habits of such animals which determines this fact? Is there any animal, or class of animal, which possesses an immunity from some disorder which is general to all other animals? If so, on what does such immunity depend—on construction, on habit, or on accident? When cholera has visited this country and swept away its thousands of human beings, why have dogs, cats, sheep, cows, and horses been unaffected? Once more: granting that in two animals of different kind diseases prevail, which in their general types are the same, what are the special deviations in each case, what the analogies, and by what circumstances are the deviations or analogies sustained?

Nor does the inquiry rest with these considerations. There are interchanges of diseases between animals and animals yet to be investigated. For instance, a toad distributes its poison over a frog, and the frog dies; but it treats a fellow-toad in the same fashion, and fellow-toad goes on his way rejoicing; or a viper bites a man, and the man dies from the bite; but the said poisoned man biting another man, or said viper biting another viper, would not convey a special disease by the bite. The poison in such cases is specific to the organism that produced it, and will not transfer. A cow presents a virus which, coming into contact with an abraded surface of the human hand, provokes a disease in the human subject, cow-pox, and gives rise to an eruption yielding a virus analogous to that which was presented by the cow; but this virus, transplanted from one human subject to another, communicates a similar disease to that which preceded: in this case the producing cause of the disease, the virus, is transferable.

We have yet another connection between the diseases of men and the inferior animal world. We have cases in which animals low in the sphere of organization may pass into the body of a higher animal, generate in it, and feed upon and produce effects which may be injurious even to the death. Diseases arising from these causes are denominated parasitic; they include not merely loathsome disorders arising from the burrowing of insects under the skin, but absorption of the ova of parasites by the stomach from animal food imperfectly cooked, and perhaps from fruits and other vegetable substances.

Fourthly, there is brought before the medical zoologist the study of those relationships which the animal kingdom bears to the curative resources of his art. This part opens up to him the questions of animal foods; what of these are most appropriate for the wants of man; what are positively injurious; what are easy of digestion, what difficult? In the course of diseases affecting the human system, what medicinal remedies does the animal world supply?

Lastly, though we conceive this to be rather too forcible a separation of special from general zoological science, we may accept, as included in medical zoology, the natural history of man himself, his physical characters and attributes, his anatomy, the unity or plurality of his species, and the races.

In describing these different subjects as parts of a system of medical zoology, we have given a natural and easy separation of the special from the general science. In this plan we have, in the main, followed the method of the author whose book is under notice. And now, having shown in what the individuality of the special science consists, we may turn to some of the more interesting of its details.

Of the unity of the human species.—Linnæus divided man into two species, the *Homo sapiens* and the *Homo troglodytes*. Under the latter title he included the albinos, or those in whom the skin is preternaturally white, the eyes red, the vision obscure except in the twilight, the hair flaxen or white, and the body feeble. He presumed that those constituting his second species lived in caverns, and therefore named the species *troglodytes*, characterizing it by the epithet nocturnal. Later, Linnæus committed the error of taking an ape into the genus *Homo*, naming it *Homo Lar;* this ape was the *gibbon* of Buffon. Virey admitted two species of men, distinguished by the difference of aperture in the facial angle; in the one it varies between 85° and 90°, in the other between 75° and 82°; in the ape it never exceeds 40°. These two species of men include six races, characterized by their colour; and these again comprise eleven sub-races, which are arranged according to the regions they inhabit.

Desmoulins divided the genus *Homo* into eleven species, more or less distinct: but his arguments are insufficient to reject the unity of the human race. His classification of the species is as follows:—1. The *Celto-Scyth Arabs;* 2. the *Mongols;* 3. the *Ethiopians;* 4. the *Euro-Africans;* 5. the *Austro-Africans;* 6. the *Malays or Oceanians;* 7. the *Papous;* 8. the *Negro-Oceanians;* 9. the *Australians;* 10. the *Columbians;* and 11. the *Americans.*

Bory de Saint-Vincent exceeds Desmoulins; he gives fifteen species of men, arranged into two tribes, the *Leiotrix*, or those with smooth hair, and *Oulotrix*, or those with crisp hair.

M. Moquin-Tandon decides for the unity of the species, all the individuals of which are capable of mingling indiscriminately, and are able to produce offspring which is as fruitful as its parents. The populations of different countries may present differences in the form of the head, the expression of the countenance, the height of the body, the proportions of the limbs, the characters of the hair, the quantity of the beard, and the colour of the skin; nevertheless there exists but *one species of man;* and the populations of every country and of every period have descended from a common stock. (Pp. 26, 27.)

Races of men.—Of the races of men, various opinions have been held; not only on the question of what constitutes the type of a race, but of the number of types. Moses divided mankind into three races, after the sons of Noah; Ephorus of Cumæ into four, after the four cardinal points; Linnæus into four, after the four quarters of the earth, as recognized in his day; Blumenbach into five, the *Caucasian*, the *Mongolian*, the *Ethiopian*, the *American*, and the *Malay;* Dumeril into six, the *Caucasian* or *Arab-European*, the *Hyperborean*, the *Mongolian*, the *American*, the *Malay*, and the *Ethiopian* or *Negro;* while Bory de Saint-Vincent, who distinguishes fifteen species, admits the existence of races and sub-races.

Other naturalists, of whom Moquin-Tandon is one, follow Cuvier in describing three principal races; the *White*, or *Caucasian*, occupying the whole of Europe, the North of Africa, and Western Asia as far as the Ganges; the *Mongolian*, found in Eastern Siberia, Kamtschatka, Russian America, China, Japan, and the Ladrone and Philippine islands; and the *Ethiopian*, found in Africa, to the south of the Atlas Mountains, their centre being Ethiopia, from which the race has received its name.

The physical peculiarities of these three races are thus given:—The Caucasian head is oval, the forehead well developed, the eyes are placed horizontally, the cheeks scarcely project, the jaws are but little advanced, the hair is long and smooth, and the skin is of a pinkish white. This race is the most intelligent. The *Mongolian* face is flattened, the forehead is low, oblique, and square set; the eyes are straight and oblique, the cheeks projecting, the hair is straight and black, the beard thin, and the skin of an olive colour. The *Ethiopian* skull is compressed, the nose flat, the jaws projecting, the lips thick, the hair woolly and crisp, and the skin more or less black. This race is least intelligent. (Pp. 27–30.)

Animals and animal products employed in medicine.—At various times in the history of the medical art, animals and animal products have been largely used as healing substances. At one time this application brought into physic what is to us, in these days, a revolting spectacle. Even at the present hour, amongst the illiterate, old prejudices and superstitions prevail relative to the value of certain animals as curatives of incurable diseases, the narration of which would produce a nausea in the least fastidious. Amongst the animals and animal products which have been employed medicinally, as enumerated by M. Moquin-Tandon, may be included scink, wood-lice, cochineal insect, pachydermata, sepiadæ, snails, oysters, coral, sponge, spermaceti, bile, crabs' eyes, spider's web, oils from the livers of the cod, the skate, and the shark, musk, civet, beaver, hyraceum, ambergris, cantharides, mylabris, cerocoma, and meloe, leeches, galls, cases or vesicles produced by different species of aphides, the trehala, and lastly, various parts of animals to be used as accessories to medicine, such as bones, blood, flesh, albumen, gelatine, fat, oils, milk, eggs, honey, wax, hair, and other horny bodies.

It would form a curious and interesting chapter to write an account of the mode in which these numerous substances found their way into the laboratory of the physician; to trace why they possessed real or supposed uses, and why they have so many of them either fallen into desuetude, or been replaced by something derived from them, and now considered substitutional. To assume that all these remedies were without a use, that they were mere placebos, and acted solely by the faith they excited, would, we opine, be taking too much for granted as to the curative powers of belief and implicit trust. We have, in fact, one or two broad facts, which show, on the contrary, that remedies long used and derived from the animal kingdom, exerted an influence for good by virtue of certain true remedial agents which they contained, hidden, it is true, but on that account none the less valuable. We may take as an illustration of this fact the example of sponge as a medicine. For centuries sponge has been employed both in the practice of medicine and surgery: in surgery for the removal of offensive matters from wounds, and for the purpose of making what are called tents, or little bodies used for dilating closed or partially closed cavities in the body, which required to be open. These were merely mechanical applications of the substance, and might pass for little; but more curiously, it was also known very early in medicine, that calcined sponge used as an internal

medicine was curative in various cases of goitre, or full-throat, as well as in swellings of a scrofulous glandular character. The idea that the virtue of this remedy lay exclusively in the sponge was not destroyed until so late as the year 1812. In that year the discovery of iodine by M. Courtois brought before the world a new element, the active properties of which, in a physiological point of view, were speedily investigated. The facts soon appearing side by side that iodine was a constituent of marine plants and of sponges, and that it possessed the same power over enlargements of the glandular system already known to have been possessed by sponge, the virtue of the sponge was transferred unanimously to the iodine which it contained, and in practice the use of sponge as an internal medicine has ceased altogether. We dwell on this point with some care, from the suspicion that of late too great a tendency to despise certain of the old remedies derived from animal bodies has prevailed, and too feeble an anxiety to investigate the point whether certain of these might not, after all, contain agents of remedial worth secreted within them.

Amongst the long list of substances named above, used now commonly by the prescribing physician, but few remain: when we have named, indeed, the oils of the cod, the skate, or the shark, musk, cantharides, and galls, we have enumerated all that need be remembered.

Animal poisons.—These poisons are produced by various animals, through the medium of glands. The *poison* thus produced is different from a *virus*, in that it does not transmit to the animal which it affects a similar poison capable of transmission to yet another and another in perpetuity. The poisons differ greatly in kind, and in effect: some produce mere local inflammation and pain; others, no important local change, but death from an extension of the influence from the one infected point to the system at large. They are all apparently harmless when taken by the mouth; *i. e.* they require a wounded surface from which to be absorbed. Boars and herons habitually feed upon vipers without experiencing any inconvenience. The poisons do not lose their properties by drying; nor does immersion in alcohol, unless very long continued, impair the power of destruction. The animals yielding these poisons are divided into *poisonous animals with fangs*, or serpents, including the viper, and the foreign serpents—the rattlesnake, the horned serpents, the javelin snake, and the cobra de capello; *animals armed with antennæ, in the form of claws, or with foot-jaws*, as the spiders and millipedes; *animals which inoculate their poison by means of a special organ*, viz., the ornithorhyncus, the scorpions, and certain of the Hymenoptera—the latter including the bee and the wasp; and, finally, *animals which produce viscid exudations or humours*, as the toad, the triton, and the salamander.

Of internal parasites, or entozoa.—Internal parasites are those which live constantly at the expense of man. They are not numerous, and under some circumstances are not dangerous. They are known and classified under the heads—*insect entozoa, crustaceous entozoa, entozoic worms*, and *infusorial entozoa*. The insect entozoa (the larvæ of certain flies) belong to the family Œstridea: they affect the skin from without, and, if left alone, bury themselves deep into the tissues, and produce a large and painful tumour.

The crustaceous entozoa, *Linguatulæ*, have a flat, long, sub-articulated body, an anterior inferior mouth, which is furnished with two pairs of retractile hooks, a complete intestinal canal, and no limbs. The *Linguatula denticulata* has been found in the lungs, the trachea, the larynx, the sinuses of the nose, and the liver of several of the mammalia; and lately, Zenker, of Dresden, has discovered in eight human bodies cysts of the same parasite.

The entozoic worms, or Helmintha, as they are called, are of the greatest import of this series. The Helmintha are invertebrate animals, unprovided with limbs or organs of respiration. "The character which they possess in common is to lodge and nourish themselves in the human body during a considerable portion of the whole of their existence." The Helmintha, as they are met with in the human subject, are divided into two series; the cylindrical, which are provided with a visceral cavity, and the non-cylindrical, which are deprived of a visceral cavity. They also, according to the habitat, divide themselves into two classes, those which live in the alimentary canal in the human subject, and those which exist outside of the canal, in the tissues. Again, they are divided according as they are free or enclosed in cysts. Of late years much interest has been attached to the cystic Helmintha, from the discovery that two kinds of them, the Cysticercus and the Echinococcus, become transformed into the flat Helmintha, the Tænia, or Tape-worm. The observation has thrown an entirely new light on the origin of various disorders of the body. For example, it has been proved that measly pork, containing, as it does, the *Cysticercus cellulosæ*, produces, if eaten without thorough cooking, tænia in the subject who partakes of it; while on the other hand, it has been proved that the mature eggs of the tæniæ taken by the mouth in improperly prepared food, are capable of development in the body into cystic or hydatid growths, giving rise to diseased conditions which are often absolutely fatal.

We have been led on so easily and imperceptibly to a description of certain of the facts which M. Moquin-Tandon's work has put before us, that we have, we fear, omitted too long all detailed mention of the work itself, and the mode in which it is constructed. We think, however, that the inference will be pretty clear, that a work from which we ourselves have gathered so much is, in our estimate of it, deserving of the most perfect recognition. It is so. Well illustrated, written in a condensed and yet not obscure style, it is essential to the library of the medical man, and an acquisition to that of scholars in general. Nor must we, in giving this notice of M. Moquin-Tandon's work, fail to congratulate him on the good fortune that has attended his entrance into England in the English tongue. In Mr. Hulme, the editor and translator, all the requisitions for the task have been fulfilled to the utmost. The style is good and clear, while the annotations show that the editor, in no way behind the author as a cultivator of natural science, possesses a classical and deep historical knowledge of his subject, which we would gladly see expanded into an independent and original volume.

FINE ARTS.

DEBATE ON THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

The British Museum and its system of management have long been standing objects for complaint among a certain portion of the public, and not without a considerable show of reason. Into the general question we shall not enter, as that will be the subject of a future article; but there are one or two points which cannot be escaped, and which seem essential to the full and fair consideration of the special department of the fine arts. It will be remembered that what is now known as the Trustee system—a system, by the way, which was considered the best when it was adopted, and in spite of all the opprobrium which it now meets, does not seem so inherently bad as it is called, provided it were reasonably well worked—had created so much dissatisfaction, that about twelve years ago a Commission was appointed by Government to investigate and report upon its workings and demerits.* That Commission sat two years, examined witnesses, and presented a voluminous Report. The Report might be right or wrong in its recommendations, but it contained one inherent characteristic which destroyed its authority for the general public: it was not an independent document. A large proportion of the Trustees, whose doings and functions were on trial, were members of the Commission; and the allegation then was and still is, that when any subject bearing on the peculiar actings or powers of the Trustees was under discussion, these Trustees come down in a body and outvote the independent members of the Commission, so that the Report was, in fact, only the Trustees' opinions of their own duties, actions, powers, and responsibilities, or rather non-responsibilities. This was, of course, fatal to the Report as an independent authoritative document, in the opinion of those who made this charge; and whether true to the extent alleged or not, it was a great misfortune even to the Commissioners themselves, whose Report ought to have been kept above suspicion. But even the Commissioners so constituted could not condone the doings of the Trustees. It was felt and reported that some change was necessary, not in the system, for men seldom feel the necessity of reducing their own powers, but in the details of management; and the most notable of the changes so suggested was a division of the Artistic from the Scientific departments, and that each should be put under a distinct superintendent, and that the whole management should be placed under one director; that, in short, the form of management now existing at Kensington, should also be that adopted at the Museum. This was doubtless a concession on the part of the Trustee-Commissioners to the independent members of the Commission; and, like other incorporated bodies, those Trustees have shown themselves wise in their generation. Trustees, like others, die, although the trust remains intact; and the remaining members have wisely for their own power selected from time to time the more prominent of the independent Commissioners to the office of Trustee; and by this means have so changed the opinions of those former opponents of the Trustee system, as to have found in their old foes the most strenuous defenders, so that even the modifications in management, reported as necessary in 1852, remain to this hour a dead letter, and very mainly through the instrumentality of those who then reported the changes urgent and indispensable!

Before entering upon the nature of the changes recommended by the Commissioners or by others, there are one or two other preliminary considerations. As stated last week, a large part of this question is mixed up with that squabble which has so long been going on between the Prince Consort and the House of Commons, and it would appear as if no Government found it convenient to be in recognized opposition to the wishes of so prominent a member of the Court; for both parties when in office appear to lean towards Court de-

sires on this subject, while out of office this potent influence is as apparently resisted. This is an element both of popular strength and public weakness in the contest; because, although it shows that Prince Albert has no zealous partisans of any mark in the House of Commons, it also shows that for ulterior advantages either political party, if in power, might lend itself to sacrifice Parliamentary power and control to catch courtly applause: and hence the jealousy evinced on Tuesday evening in the House of Commons by the shuffling answers furnished by Mr. Cowper to questions asked by Lord H. Lennox concerning the National Gallery alterations, and the cheers which greeted the noble Lord when he announced that he would trouble the House by returning to the subject on Friday evening. All this has a meaning deeper than appears upon the surface; and the key, as stated last week, is the smothered quarrel between Prince Albert and the Commons—that striving for mastery over the national collections which has been so long going on, not very secretly, between a section of the Court and a section of the Commons. Other elements come in to give intensity to this dispute, and which are readily or perhaps greedily seized on by the respective disputants as make-weights for their respective sides. The trustees of the National Gallery are all noblemen or gentlemen of the greatest respectability—men of education, and probably well up in everything, except what they are appointed to direct and control at the Museum or the National Gallery. Some of them are statesmen, while others owe their selection to their titles or their wealth; but there is probably not more than one of whom a second or third-rate dealer would take an opinion concerning the value of a manuscript or a picture, unless, indeed, he expected to sell it to the trustees of the National Gallery or the British Museum. The consequences of this ignorance in the specialities of such trustees are that in almost every matter they are dependent on others, and each noble lord or hon. gentleman selects his favourite authority, and, as is necessary to eminence in any walk of study, these authorities are too frequently men of one idea, or, what is very much the same thing, they are absorbed in the magnitude of their own peculiar study. We have the very highest regard for the genius of Professor Owen; and because of this, we shall take his authority as an example. As a great naturalist and comparative anatomist, to his mind the shades of distinction between animals which, to less enlightened eyes, are invisible, bulk out into differences of great importance. The most minute differences are to him worth preserving. Natural history is, with him, all-important; and hence Professor Owen suggests that five acres of space are little enough for his department alone. The Professor thus becomes a great authority on the side of the separatists. They not unreasonably ask where five acres are to be got so readily as at Kensington. The Natural History Collection ought, therefore, to be removed to Kensington; and thus the Professor is made a strong point for the Court party against the party of the House of Commons. What is true of Natural History is, in greater or less degree, true of all the other departments and authorities; and those who have inconvenient opinions, like those of Mr. Oldfield, are silenced by practical dismissal. Now, without entering on the examination of rival schemes, it does appear to us, that allowing each "Authority" to ride his hobby to death, and each Trustee attaching himself practically to an Authority, all for the interests of Antiquities, Science, and Art, sounds very like a huge delusion. If one department of science, and that not of most national utility, is entitled to five acres of space in a National Museum, it might not be difficult to urge natural reasons why double that space must be too little for one or two other branches; and the augmentation might be carried on till the projected accumulation became a palpable absurdity, which even Kensington itself could neither contain nor endure. To sketch the limits suggested by the probable utility of such a collection is no part of our present purpose, and Professor Owen's scheme is only noticed to show, not the evil of the Trustee system, but the evils of having Trustees personally ignorant of what they are appointed to direct, and their consequent dependence on authorities, who each esteem their own department all-important to the grandeur and perfection of a National Collection. It is the old principle of "nothing like leather;" while the real want is that knowledge which can determine wisely what proportion the leather shall bear to the other furnishings,—a kind of knowledge of which the Trustees, as a body, are helplessly and hopelessly ignorant.

It no doubt sounds reasonable to say that the departments of science and art should be separated in the Museum, and that each should be placed under a separate authority, as reported by the Commissioners in 1852, and as argued for on Monday evening last, by Mr. M. Milnes and others; but unless the thing signified be distinctly set forth, nothing is more deceptive than a well-sounding generality. Doubtless there is a sense in which the science of natural history might be wisely separated from art, but that would be science in its most technical form, because nobody whose opinions are worth a rush, can doubt the vast advantages of associating the study of natural history with the study of art, because the highest style of art is but the development of principles which the study of natural history so forcibly teaches. It would be difficult to get higher authorities upon this subject than Wilkie, Haydon, and Sir Charles Bell; and it is only necessary to read Haydon's account of the knowledge in art derived from the dissection of a lion—not as pertaining to quadrupeds, but as that knowledge bore on and explained the muscular development of man—to see that the study of natural history has a most important bearing upon Art. Landseer and all Haydon's other pupils bent on these studies of the lion, and they, too, can tell whether the study of natural history can be beneficially separated from the study of Art. But this refers to structural knowledge; and if such advantages be secured from what may be called the hidden knowledge of natural history, how much more numerous are those advantages flowing from external aspects of natural history in colour, form, arrangement, and suggestions, to those who are studying the less exalted, but not less useful, branches connected with the Industrial Arts. We could go over examples of this kind by the dozen, and show in each how the peculiarities and specialities of natural history constituted either a basis already recognized, or were fruitful in suggestions to those engaged in artistic construction or ornamentation. But suppose this even partially true, would it seem as wise as it sounds to separate these two branches, by removing the one to Kensington, and leaving the other in Great Russell Street?

There are other points, at which, had space permitted, we should have glanced; but these, with discussions on other items of the Estimates really, although not ostensibly, bearing upon Art, must stand over for a week.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Had there not been so many public rehearsals of the ceremony of taking a farewell during the last seven years, how affecting and impressive would the scene on Wednesday night have been, when Giulia Grisi came forward, alone, to receive the homage paid by an English audience to her unrivalled powers! Out of the whole range of dramatic characters, no two could have been selected more fitted to display the high qualities of Mme. Grisi, vocal and histrionic, than those of *Norma* and *Valentine;* and perhaps on no former occasion, recently, have they been sustained with greater majesty and vigour. Her reception was such as was due to an artiste of her consummate abilities, and must have had considerable effect in softening the regret that she must necessarily experience upon abandoning the scene of her numerous and splendid triumphs.

"La Sonnambula," "Guillaume Tell," "Don Giovanni," and "Il Barbiere" (announced for this evening), have been the other operatic performances during the past week; and the next week will witness the termination of the operatic season of 1862, one of the most successful, and, to the manager, most remunerative seasons which it has ever been our lot to record.

OLYMPIC.

Miss Louise Keeley is now playing *Manette*, in Buckstone's amusing farce "Mischief Making," which has been revived to afford an opportunity for her re-appearance. The part of *Manette* is one well adapted to this vivacious actress; and the gossip and scandal in which she indulges are given with an unction which is seldom thrown into this part. Perhaps it is difficult to imagine that the proper amount of ill-nature is at the bottom of the pertness, which seems to have a little too much its origin in pure love of fun. She is well supported by Miss Cottrell and Mr. Horace Wigan.

ST. JAMES'S.

As we anticipated, the "Hamlet" of M. Rouviere has not had a long lease of life at the St. James's Theatre. By an English audience the performance could barely be tolerated, and there is little chance of the success of a piece which depends wholly upon the support of foreigners, numerous although they are, in the metropolis. M. Rouviere's energy, passion, and gesticulation, his streaming hair and bared bosom, have already been withdrawn, and these boards are once more devoted to the lighter graces of comedy, for which they are infinitely better adapted. Three new comediettas have been produced here, the whole of which might be called successful, if power of moving an audience to mirth may be taken as a sign of success. Perhaps the most amusing of these is the comedy "Les deux Veuves," in which Mlle. Alice Théric and Mlle. Camille Lemerle play very pleasingly the two rivals for the hand of the gentleman who occupies the enviable position of being the subject of such dispute. In "Le Croque Poule," Mlle. Anna Milher plays the heroine, and both acts and looks the part very charmingly. This piece is one the plot of which turns on a subject not unfrequent in modern comedy—namely, the endeavours of a husband to win, after marriage, the affections of a wife who has married him while her own inclinations were elsewhere fixed. This plot is, at any rate, healthier than those of more frequent occurrence in older comedies, in which all the honours of success fell to the share of the lover, and the only province of a husband appeared to be to afford sport to the audience by the manner in which he was victimized and befooled on every side. In the present instance, the devotion and tenderness of the spouse triumphed over the constancy of the lady to her former admirer, backed up as her vows had been by oaths registered even on the eve of her marriage to his rival; but, fortunately for the legitimate claimant, proof of the infidelity of the rival lover reaches the wife at the very moment when the devotion of her husband had begun first to give rise to some emotion in her breast. The means adopted by him in order to bring about this result are perhaps not the most legitimate or honourable, but we will suppose that in this instance the

end justifies the means; and pieces so innocent as this are not so frequent on the French stage, that we can afford to snub even these not over-well directed advances to a healthier tone of morals. The last piece is the "Peau de Berthe," which is slight, but amusing.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

Yesterday week a fire broke out in one of the rooms belonging to the Opera House, Paris, by which stage-property to the value of 1,000,000 francs was destroyed. Amongst the operas, the scenic decorations, dresses, &c., of which have been entirely destroyed, we may mention "Semiramide," the ill-fated "Tannhäuser," "La Sylphide," "La Juive," "Orfa," "La Reine de Chypre," and "La Magicienne." The fire, which broke out in the Rue Richer, was providentially extinguished before it reached the Rue Lepelletier; otherwise the loss would have been of a more serious character. The decorations of the forthcoming "Alceste" had been removed only the evening previous, so that these, as well as those which have lately been in use, were preserved. The performances continue without interruption.

M. Sylvain Mangeant, the conductor of the band at the Palais Royal, has been appointed to succeed M. Josse in the management of the Imperial Theatres at St. Petersburg.

The new Sultan, Abdul Aziz, has appointed his former musical instructor, M. Guatelli, General Superintendent of Military Music in Turkey, with the honourable title of Pasha.

Preparations are being made for the musical festival at Caen, which is to take place the latter end of this month, and the beginning of August. Beethoven's Symphony in C minor, and selections from "Mosè in Egitto," "Jérusalem," and "Der Freischütz," will be performed. The orchestra and choir, under the direction of M. Pasdeloup, will comprise six hundred performers.

A new musical society has lately been formed at Orleans, of which M. Salesses has the management.

The Singing Academy of Breslau celebrated the anniversary of its foundation on the 4th of this month, by a grand performance of Handel's "Israel in Egypt," and Mendelssohn's "114th Psalm."

Schoelmich, a chamber musician attached to the Court Chapel, died recently at Weimar at the advanced age of eighty-six. He was one of the few remaining individuals connected with that grand artistic and literary epoch in which Goethe and Schiller flourished. Besides assisting at the first performances of their principal works, he had been on terms of friendship with the last-named poet, and had given lessons in music to his children.

Flotow's opera, "Martha," has been so successful at the Théâtre des Italiens, that M. Calzado has determined on bringing out "Stradella" by the same composer. The principal part will be enacted by M. Bélart.

The marked success which attended Mr. Alfred Mellon's series of Promenade Concerts last autumn has induced him to make arrangements for a similar series this year, to commence the latter end of August, and be continued through the month of September. As on the former occasion, these concerts will be held in the Floral Hall; and the band will consist of the members of the Covent Garden orchestra.

From a circular which has been forwarded to us, we learn that it is in contemplation to erect an International Concert Room at Kensington, capable of containing an audience of 12,000 persons (exclusive of the orchestra, which is to consist of 500 performers at least) for the display of music during the forthcoming Exhibition of 1862. Application has been made to Her Majesty's Commissioners for the vacant site at the back of the Conservatory of the Royal Horticultural Society's Gardens, and plans have also been submitted; but that part of the undertaking at present remains in abeyance, until the movement is more thoroughly matured, which we hope will shortly be the case. To prevent the possibility of interfering with existing interests, the concerts will take place between the hours of four and seven o'clock in the afternoon. The scheme is one which, we should think, cannot fail to obtain support and encouragement from the lovers and patrons of musical art.

We learn from a contemporary that Dr. Sterndale Bennett has been applied to by the Commissioners of the Great Exhibition of 1862 to compose the musical work, representative of England's Art, on that occasion; and that he has acceded to the request. Dr. Bennett had previously consented to write a new work for the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Philharmonic Society, so that he will have quite enough to occupy his mind during the intervening months.

We have before us a prospectus of the "English Opera Association," formed under the Limited Liability Acts of 1856, 1857, and 1858. The capital is to consist of £50,000, in shares of £2 each, £1 to be paid on allotment, the remainder to be called up in five-shilling instalments, and at intervals of not less than three months. The Provisional Committee consists of nearly all the principal English operatic composers, and there is a sprinkling of the literary, artistic, and commercial element also in it. After stating that English Musical Art demands the organization of an opera upon a more reliable and permanent basis than private management can afford, it goes on to state that England possesses composers, singers, instrumentalists, scenic artists, and every other necessary resource; that the Government having refused to follow the example of other countries by granting a subvention for assisting to support a National Musical Association, it remains with the musicians and the public to create a great centre, binding together the various interests necessary for such an institution; and, lastly, it expatiates on the pecuniary part of the affair, and says it will yield a handsome return to shareholders. Such are the leading features of the Prospectus. Under the head of Management, it states that the Association will be governed by an Executive Committee, to be chosen by the Provisional Committee; the Executive to consist of nine members, three of whom will retire annually; six of the Executive will be *non*-professional, and three will be professional gentlemen. The Executive will have the appointment of General Manager, Secretary, Treasurer, and all other officials.

We cannot but wish well to an institution founded upon such sound principles, and in accordance with the spirit of the age. Some people are disposed to sneer at the idea of founding an Operatic Company on the Joint-Stock principle. We remember well when Joint-Stock Companies began to take the position of bankers, traders, &c., that similar objections were used over and over again. Time has, however, tested their fallacy, and we cannot help thinking that a committee consisting of sound common-sense men of business, along with a few practical professionals, will do more for the advancement of musical art, and of the artists themselves, than peevish and petulant *private* management, and that money may be more safely invested in their hands than in the hands of some speculative adventurer. It has, too, been argued that large sums of money have been lost in operatic entertainments. This may be true; but those generally who are reported to have lost them, had little or nothing to lose, or to begin with. The late Mr. Maddox, manager of the Princess's Theatre, died a wealthy man; and he made the principal part of his money out of English opera. The great losses that have been sustained by operatic managers have been chiefly from employing foreign artists. Mr. E. T. Smith only the other day stated that *he* had burnt his fingers with the "Italian irons."

Again, how often has it been the case that the vanity of a manager has led him into mistakes. The late Mr. Bunn had a successful career in his operatic management, until the public became nauseated with his librettos. *The Maid of Artois, The Bohemian Girl, The Daughter of St. Mark*, and other operas, were successful—but other Operas which followed were not so fortunate. The desire to see himself in print as an author was one of his ruling passions, and for this end he frequently sacrificed his interests in pecuniary matters. Macfarren's beautiful Opera of "Don Quixote" was brought out under Mr. Bunn's management; it was announced for a quarter *before* seven,—not one-half of the public knew of this arrangement, and the first act was generally half over before the audience were seated, and while this Opera was rehearsing on the stage, another opera, with Mr. Bunn's libretto, was being rehearsed in the Green Room, and was produced upon the stage after "Don Quixote" had run only a few nights. Such tricks of managers bring disappointment to the composer, and disgust the public.

We could quote numerous facts of a similar nature, if time and space permitted. The English Opera Association, combining, as it will do, commercial and musical interests, is a step in the right direction; and when the British public flock, as no doubt they will, in immense numbers to the Great Exhibition in 1862, we have no doubt one of the chief attractions will be the performances of the English Opera Company. In addition to the production of new operas, we believe it is contemplated to revive some of the most favourite operas of Purcell, Arne, Storace, Bishop, Barnett, Balfe, Macfarren, Loder, Wallace, Smart, &c., as well as English translated adaptations of the works of German, Italian, and French composers.

Le Scandale au Théâtre. (Paris. 1861.)

The hackneyed and over-praised saying, which has almost passed into a proverb—Let me only write the ballads of a nation, and let who will write its laws—has now lost most of its applicability. Ballads have lost their sway over the minds of a people all day plunged in the hot pursuit of commerce, and it is but seldom that a "Song of the Shirt" comes to make the mind of the money-hunting or pleasure-seeking race shiver in the midst of its favourite and engrossing pursuits. We would far rather say, with reference to present days, "Let me write a nation's plays, and let who will preach its sermons." There can be no doubt that it is in the power of the stage to play a most important part as regards the morals of an age or a people. It is true that the stage is supposed to be a mirror of the times, but the two are mutually reflective. The stage frequently holds up, or should hold up, the manners of the day to public observation; but the age very frequently adopts, and transplants into private life, the tone or the morality that it finds current before the footlights. This is a subject upon which we cannot pause to dwell at length, but the reflections have been forced upon us by the perusal of a small volume entitled *Le Scandale au Théâtre*, which has recently been published in Paris. The abuses which afflict Parisian comedies, or Parisian management, are of a nature which have not as yet sensibly affected our English theatres; but it would be well if, taking warning by these abuses, our directors would learn steadfastly to set their faces against innovations, which might lead to results as damaging as are those which, besetting the theatres of Paris, are exposed in this volume in terms which, though not free from exaggeration, are certainly but too well justified in all their most important particulars. We briefly advert to what the author notes as the principal grievances, and can only chronicle them, without attempting to dwell upon the facts which add to, or detract from, their significance. The great evil of all, as regards dramatic literature, is the choice of heroines. Since the success which attended the experiment of M. Dumas *fils*, the theatres of Paris teem with plays in which the prominent female character is one of the class who have figured recently in such advantageous light as "pretty horsebreakers" in the discussion which staggered so many of the readers of our great daily contemporary. And the youth and virtue of Paris, be the quantity of each smaller or larger, is constantly summoned to mourn over the sorrows, the self-denial, and the heroism of a class with whose very existence they are yet supposed to be unacquainted, and which class is almost the only one in whom the existence of the qualities referred to is chimerical. The effect that these morbid productions of the "Traviata" or "Rigolboche" school must have upon public morality, it is painful to contemplate. Indecency of costume is another evil of the same stamp. In the management, the prominent fault is that which, on the night of a new piece, fills the house with paid applauders, who, at a given signal, lead off rounds of applause, so loud as to be irresistible, and the effect of which in leading the genuine spectators is easily conceived. By this means, the verdict of the true public is set on one side, and the success which at-

tends a worthless piece or a valuable one is on the first night identical. The extent to which this is carried, is ludicrous and inconceivable: both operas and theatres admit the system, and the chief of the "claqueurs," as they are named, is as well known as the manager of the theatre or the *chef d'orchestre*. At the Opera, the "claqueurs" frequently consist of young men of respectable condition, who, fond of music, but unable to afford the prices of admission, are glad to obtain entrance on the easy terms of paying for it by a stipulated amount of applause. Another evil consists in the manner in which the tickets are disposed of. The stranger goes to the door of the theatre and finds every place full, no room; but an application at the nearest wine-shop round the corner (out-of-doors plying of this calling is forbidden by the police), will secure him any amount of accommodation he may require, but at a price greatly advanced. Of these advanced prices, as the seats are the best in the theatre, it is not unnaturally supposed some portion finds its way into the purse of the management. Sometimes the play-goer may buy an admission in the street at less than the regular price, but this is in consequence of another abuse. The author of a new piece is obliged to take a certain portion of the payment in free admissions, say twenty per night, and as this is naturally more than he cares to distribute among his friends, he is obliged to dispose of them at a low price to some one who will purchase them in the hope of making a profit. But, as if the injury inflicted on the author were not severe enough, these tickets are specially distinct from all others, and secure those who enter by means of them, the worst places that can possibly be provided, and rudeness and incivility of the most marked kind on the part of every official with whom they come in contact. Such are some of the abuses of the French theatres which are exposed in the amusing little volume before us. The rest we have not space to enter into. At the close of the book there is a short list of all the places where musical or dramatic amusement is provided in Paris or the neighbourhood, and this will be of value to the stranger in Paris. The name of the director, the principal actors, and the general order of the entertainment is given, and the observations, on some especially of the less important theatres, are very amusing or very severe. Here is the Délassements-Comiques.—"M. Sari, Directeur, 1858. Revues, vaudevilles, femmes nues, acteurs grotesques, danseuses extraordinaires, voilà pour le théâtre. Vieillards aux folles ardeurs, gandins ignobles, jeunes gens usés, grisettes, et, par hasard, quelques honnêtes gens égarés, qui se sauvent avant le lever du rideau; voilà pour le public. La morale, pas plus que la littérature, n'ont rien à faire ici."

Our readers, who may choose to refer to the volume, will find much amusement and information, and something that will "give them pause" as to how far it is desirable that some steps should be taken to arrest abuses which afflict our own theatres, and which, if less flagrant, are none the less real.

MISCELLANEA.

We understand that in literary circles a rumour prevails that the manuscript now publishing by the Russian Government, under the direction of M. Tischendorf, purporting to be a MS. Bible of the fourth century, is not an ancient manuscript, but is an entirely modern production, written by a gentleman now alive, who will shortly take measures to establish his claim to its authorship. The manuscript is known as the *Codex Sinaiticus*, and has attracted a large amount of attention throughout Europe. Should the rumour prove correct, as we believe it will, the disclosures that will follow must be of the greatest interest to archæology.

The fancy fair and general fête which was held at the Crystal Palace on Saturday last, in aid of the funds of the Royal Dramatic College, proved one of the most amusing entertainments which the season has produced. The stalls at the bazaar were under the charge of the best-known actresses of the day, and the manner in which they drew the money out of the pockets of at least the male portion of the spectators would surely have satisfied the most exigent of managers. There was also a post-office, at which, for a moderate sum, the admirers of any theatrical celebrity might depend upon finding an autograph letter for himself, conveying some weighty moral reflection, the due consideration of which would be of benefit to him. And there was a wizard's cave, where oracular responses were given to those who desired to consult the sealed book of fate, from lips that were not chary in promising blessings, which themselves seemed well capable of bestowing. The burlesque of "Valentine and Orson" was performed by the members of the Savage Club; and the regular occupants of the stage gave a rival entertainment in the shape of a Richardsonian Melodrama, entitled, "The Midnight Spectre, or the Fatal Secret." Here the spectator might indeed sup on horrors, and the playbills gave ample promise of what was to follow:—The Plot! The Meeting!! The Mystery!!! The Villain Foiled!!!! The Gurgle! The Gasp!! The Ghost!!! The parts were, of course, admirably acted; and Mr. Paul Bedford, dressed as the sentimental heroine, brought down roars of laughter. Outside the booth, clown and harlequin, with lovely nymphs in short petticoats and spangled boddices, gave, in true Richardsonian style, a foretaste of the entertainment to be found within; which outside show was, on the whole, the most amusing part of the performance. The crowd at the palace was such as, in the centre avenue, to render progression almost an impossibility, and we should suppose the funds of this meritorious charity must have greatly benefited by the results of the entertainment.

The veteran Mr. Thomas Colley Grattan, we hear, is occupied in preparing for the press a five-act comedy for representation, and arranging for publication the materials of two or more volumes of an autobiographical character, mainly consisting of recollections connected with political life, literature, and personal adventure, extending over the last half-century.

The re-arrangement of the East India Company's Museum at Fife House, Scotland Yard, near the United Service Museum, has just been completed, and the public, who always showed much interest in this curious and valuable Asiatic Collection, when it was lodged in the old house in Leadenhall-street, will doubtless be glad to view them again in their new quarters.

The Council of the Institution of Civil Engineers has issued a list of the subjects for premiums for the ensuing session, 1861–62. For a limited number of "Papers of distinguished merit," a pecuniary award will be added to the honorary premium. The competition is wholly unrestricted, being open equally to members and non-members of the Institution, to natives and to foreigners.

The already overstocked market of periodicals is to receive an addition, in the shape of an illustrated weekly journal and review, to be called *The Queen*. It will be particularly addressed to Englishwomen, and is to be of the same size as the leading illustrated newspapers. The price, sixpence, is rather high, considering that the writers, as we are informed, "will not attempt the profound; they only intend to be sensible and entertaining."

Mr. James Smith, the persevering quadrator of the circle, has addressed to us a letter in further vindication of his cherished but illusive theory, and with the hope of inducing us, or some of our mathematical friends, "to attempt to discover and point out the fallacy in the facts, reasonings, and conclusions, if fallacy there really be, in any of them." We wholly despair of bringing home the latent error to the mind of a man who remains altogether insensible to the mass of proof already, out of sheer pity for such mental obliquity, brought to bear upon his untenable crotchet. Will nothing open his eyes to the fact that in each and all of his so-called demonstrations, he (as we have previously pointed out) simply *begs* at starting the whole point at issue, and after a slight and wholly irrelevant juggle of figures, brings himself round to the same original point, which he therefore claims to have mathematically demonstrated? Thus, in his latest communication, he says as of old, "*Let* the circumference of the circle in diagram 1 be the given quantity, and *let* the value of π be 3·125:" and again, "*On my theory*, the value of π is 3·125." Of course, it is easy to make out, *on this hypothesis*, that whatever be the size of the circle, the diameter bears to the circumference a fixed ratio, the identical ratio, viz. of 1 to 3·125! Yet this glaring fusion of tautology and paralogism is literally the entire sum and substance of Mr. Smith's reiterated argument. Until he succeeds in acquiring enough of mathematical, not to say simply logical, capacity to see that he has been arguing all along not only *about* but *in* a circle, we must decline the task of following him into the labyrinth of confusion in which he has managed to involve himself.

At a special meeting of the Royal Dublin Society, presided over by its Chairman, the Lord Chief Justice of Appeal, it was unanimously resolved—"That the Council feels it to be its duty, under the present circumstances, to recommend to the Society that the condition attached by Parliament to the Grant to the Society be complied with." This important question will, we are informed, be finally settled at a meeting to be held on the 25th inst. The general opinion is that the Society will offer no resistance, and henceforth open the Glasnevin Botanical Gardens to the public on Sundays.

Answer to Correspondent.

W. G.—The tale is to be found *both* in Monk Lewis and Southey.

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